RICHARD H. RICHARDSON.

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MEMORIALS

OF

RICHARD H. RICHARDSON, D.D.

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By Octavia W. Richardson.

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TO

All the True and Faithful Friends and Parishioners

OF

DOCTOR RICHARDSON,

Whose love and kindness are not forgotten, whether in this world or in the better country,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS WIFE,

Octavia Woodbridge Richardson.

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OUT of the unforeseen, whence all things flow,
Swiftly the future days shall come and go;
And friends who pen these lays of love and truth
In sunset hours, high noon, or dawning youth,
Shall with them pass away, to come no more, —
Some to far distant lands, some to the silent shore.

But as thine eyes shall on these pages rest,
From other far off climes, or East or West,
E'en from the land unknown, shall one by one
These loved ones come, and as in days long gone,
Shall live again, — unchanged and changeless stand,
And speak and smile and weep, and clasp thee by the hand.

R. H. RICHARDSON.

NOTE. — Written in 1850 for the first page of an album.

MEMORIALS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

A FEW flowers are here laid upon the grave of an honored minister of Christ. No attempt has been made to weave them into a conventional garland. It is better that these tributes of affection and friendship be left to speak for themselves.

The story of a Christian life is seldom eventful, and must always lack the brilliancy of more worldly careers. But there is no other style of life so complete, so consistent, and so noble. None so complete, because it alone develops the whole man, with all his powers of mind, heart, and conscience; none so consistent, because it ever keeps those powers in due exercise, the lower as subordinate to the higher; and none so noble, since its ideal aim is to set forth the glory of God and the good of man. Of such a life this volume is designed to preserve some memorials, inadequate though they must be.

Dr. Richardson was fortunate in his parentage and training. Through a New England father and a Vir-

ginia mother, he seems to have inherited much that was good in both the Puritan and the Cavalier, with but little that was faulty in either. If he was spirited, sensitive, and high-souled before men, he was none the less conscientious, devout, and humble before God. Natural traits, which might else have run wild, were trained by divine grace into the symmetry of a Christian character.

He was born in Lexington, Kentucky, Sept. 4, 1823. The following account of his ancestry and parents, furnished by a member of the family, will be interesting to the readers of this volume: —

"The Richardson family is said to be of Norman origin. It was settled in Norfolk, Yorkshire, and Durham, and perhaps in other counties, as early as the eighteenth century, and had already arrived at eminence. In Bloomfield's history of Norfolk is a copious pedigree of the family of Richardson, barons of Cramond.

"There was a certain Richard Richardson, Esq., of Bradford, in Yorkshire, afterwards of Bierley, in that county, who paid a fine of forty pounds in 1630 for declining the honor of knighthood from Charles the First. The receipt, signed 'Wentworth, Earl of Strafford,' the leading minister of Charles, is still in the possession of his descendants. He died in 1656.

"More than a hundred and thirty years after this, William Richardson was born in Sudbury, Massachusetts, his ancestors having come to this country many years before. Sudbury was a quiet New England town, and as the boy grew to manhood he must have longed to see the world; for in the month of February, 1815, just after the war with England, he left Boston for New Orleans, accomplishing the journey in fifty-three days. He went to Richmond by stage, the rest of the journey through Virginia, Tennessee, etc., on horseback, alone, through the untrodden wilderness, often without food except cold corn bread or

hominy at an occasional Indian hovel, fording and swimming through creeks and swamps, often in the worst of weather, sleeping at one time for three weeks on the bare ground, among the snakes of the swamps and the wolves and panthers of the forest,— his horse sharing with him his hard bed and fare. He reached his destination, April 12, — a journey of eighteen hundred and twenty-one miles in fifty-three days.

"In October of the same year he went to Lexington, Kentucky, on business, and remained through the following winter, returning thence to New Orleans in the spring of 1816. In May, 1818, he was married in Lexington to Miss Synia Higgins of that place. In 1819 he removed to Lexington, which was his home till 1837, when he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, and there resided till his death.

"He was a merchant, manufacturer, and banker. For the last twenty-six years of his life he was cashier and president of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, in Louisville. He was for thirty years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and had the happiness of receiving seven of his children into the same church. He was the originator of the sunrise prayer-meeting, so generally observed throughout the Southwest and elsewhere on New Year's morning.

"Mr. Richardson was especially known for his deep piety, his high sense of honor, and for the lively interest which he ever felt in the Church of Jesus Christ. He was almost like a pastor, in that he visited the congregation and looked after their spiritual wants. He was unusually gifted in prayer, was an elder indeed, faithfully and lovingly fulfilling the duties of his office, and was universally beloved and esteemed. Living in a border State, the Civil War was a great grief to him. He was a steadfast, loyal Union man. He died before its close, and it was believed by many that his heart was broken on account of it.

"The father of Mrs. Richardson was a friend of Daniel Boone. The family came from Virginia. There is in the possession of one of her daughters a miniature of the mother at the age of

eighteen. It represents a beautiful girl, with large dark eyes, noble brow, and fine, expressive face. She lived to see her sons and daughters grown to maturity, and died while yet in her prime. Letters to her son Richard, written while he was pastor in Chicago, show a great interest in his success, and earnest desires for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. In December, 1844, appears this paragraph in an article written by Mr. William Richardson for the 'Protestant Herald,' published in Louisville, Kentucky: —

"'I am New England born, and there was I educated. In a country churchyard near Boston repose the ashes of my parents, and of my ancestors for several preceding generations. Near their graves stands a beautiful, quiet, happy Christian village, a large proportion of the inhabitants of which are my near kindred. It was my lot to become identified with the West about thirty years ago, and since then it has been and still is my home.'"

In the Christian home here described young Richardson grew up under the favoring influences of wealth and culture. We are told that he was a dutiful son and a devoted brother. Among his schoolmates he was truthful, courageous, and generous. With the advantage of excellent teachers, he very early showed that aptitude for study, especially for the languages, which always distinguished him. After a visit to Europe, he turned with more serious purpose to the completion of his education. It was then that I first met him. We left home together for Princeton College; and from that day began a friendship which lasted nearly fifty years.

While in college he gained the good esteem of teachers, some of whom were the most distinguished of their day. His linguistic skill attracted the notice of Dr. James W. Alexander, then the accomplished Professor of Latin and Belles Lettres. He was often detained

after a lecture for special instruction by Prof. Joseph Henry, whose magnetic discoveries were soon to knit the world together with the telegraph. Outside the class-room he was admitted to familiar intercourse with Prof. Albert B. Dod, whose subtlety in the higher mathematics and taste in the fine arts were not more inspiring than his brilliant powers of conversation. In close contact with such instructors so eager a student could not fail to make good proficiency. Yet he was no recluse; much less did he study for mere academic honors. While freely participating in the enjoyments of college life, he still made it his chief business to get an education. He was graduated with distinction in the class of 1844.

In this connection the following letter written to his father from college at the age of nineteen will be of interest: —

"I suppose you have received ere this my 'Circular.' I was agreeably disappointed when I learned my 'grade.' It was high, — more so than I had feared it would be. There were but eleven above mine, in a class of nearly seventy, and one which is said to be the best perhaps that has ever been in this institution. . . . Had it not been for the mathematics I might have taken 'first honor;' not that I care for college honors, for although I confess that I have my full share of ambition, yet I wish for a larger field to strive in, and where success will be attended with more lasting benefit. There are some here who study for nothing else under the sun but for the honor of taking the highest grade; and if this is to be the 'summum bonum' which a student seeks, I think he studies from wrong motives altogether. . . . I hope that I have a higher object in view, and as far as I am concerned I care not for *any* grade, provided I

secure that object which should be the aim of every student, viz., the improvement and cultivation of the mind. I shall, notwithstanding, make a 'desperate effort' during the present quarter to obtain a grade above ninety (although it will be much more difficult, as at the close of it we will be examined on many more branches of study than at the last); and if I reach that I shall be content, and if I do not I shall likewise be content. . . . What is the state of our church at present in regard to religious interest? One word in relation to my own feelings on the subject of religion. I have not as yet found that there is any very strong temptation to a professor of religion here to be betrayed into out-breaking sin that he will not find everywhere. There is a great deal of dissipation and degrading vice among the students, and I learn more and more of it every day; yet at the same time there are enough of those who are opposed to everything of the kind, to afford a Christian all the society which he needs. But there is another danger to which he is exposed in a very great degree, and one which is perhaps almost as fatal to true piety as any other, and that is a cold and lifeless state of feeling on religious subjects. . . . I, at least, have found this to be the case. God forbid that I should ever lose any of the small degree of interest which I have taken in the subject of religion! Rather let me pray and strive to grow daily in grace, and to have my heart firmly and constantly fixed on the object which of all others is most important, and to promote which we are all placed an earth, viz., the 'glory of God.' Would that I could feel that ardent, burning desire for the salvation of others which should characterize the Christian! . . . May I have more of the true spirit of Christ given me, that I may be enabled to devote myself to His service in future, wholly, entirely, and without reserve!"

Having devoted himself to the Christian ministry, he passed at once into the Princeton Seminary, and there came under the influence of instructors who are now

revered as fathers of the Church. The Alexanders, Samuel Miller, and Charles Hodge were then in the prime of their powers, and doing their best work for their several departments of sacred learning. There was also much intellectual activity among the students themselves, some of whom had begun to discuss subjects now popularly known as the higher criticism and the historic episcopate. Of those who have since risen to distinction in the theological world, I need only name Drs. Green and Paxton, of Princeton; Bishop Littlejohn and Drs. William A. Dod and W. W. Lord, of the Episcopal Church; Prof. Basil Manly, of the Baptist Seminary at Louisville; and Prof. William B. Scott, of the Seminary at Chicago. Amid such associations Mr. Richardson passed four years of study, adding to the prescribed course a fourth year as a resident graduate. He made the best of his opportunities. As was then customary, he read the whole of Turretin's Institutes in the Latin, and wrote out a complete system of theology in answer to the written queries propounded in the class-room. He was also specially devoted to the exegetical study of the Hebrew Scriptures, and annotated the Greek text of several of the Epistles. At the same time the graver tasks of the seminary were lightened by the daily recreations of a students' club of so-called "Aristoi," who dined in the evening after the lectures and recitations were over. While still pursuing his studies, on the 3d of June, 1846, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Louisville.

So varied a training would seem to have been designed to fit him for the varied career which awaited

him. He was destined to a succession of pastorates in different parts of the country, among people of different stages of culture, with congregations needing different modes of preaching and pastoral service. The narratives and letters collected in the following pages will show how well he met the demands of each of these pastorates, how many hearts he knit to him in bonds of Christian fellowship, what a hold he gained in every community where he lived, and what fruits of his labor still remain.

As if to begin at the foundation, his first work was that of gathering and organizing a new church of his own faith and order by means of his own efforts. He entered the city of Chicago a young evangelist with only a commission of his distant Presbytery, and in the hall of Rush Medical College, hospitably opened for the purpose, proceeded to preach to growing audiences agreeing with him in doctrine, somewhat as St. Paul at Ephesus "separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." In six months the room was found too small for his congregation. The story of the North Presbyterian Church, as thus formed, is told by himself on a subsequent page, in an extract from his dedication sermon; and the accompanying tributes of his parishioners reveal more fully his own agency in the enterprise, and his striking personality as he appeared at that period of his life. He was ordained and installed pastor of this church, Nov. 19, 1848, and continued in charge seven years, until April 11, 1856.

An interval of five years was filled with several changes. From Chicago he was called to St. Peter's

Church, in Rochester, N. Y. One of the attractions of this church for him may have been its liturgical service, in which the order of the Prayer Book was maintained, but without wholly repressing extemporaneous worship and sacrificing Presbyterian simplicity. After a short ministry he became stated supply of the church of Marengo, Ill., where he remained about one year, and then removed to Red Mills, N. Y., serving the church in that place, first as stated supply, and then as pastor, for another period of nearly four years. In 1864 he received an invitation to the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, Mass., and was settled over it nearly five years.

In the Newburyport pastorate he seems to have reached the zenith of his power and influence. He stood in an old historic pulpit, above the tomb of Whitefield, in a line of pastors whose eloquence had been kindled as in touch with the bones of the prophet. The Civil War was drawing out all his patriotic ardor. When but a boy in his Kentucky home, we are told, he had shown repugnance to that institution which it was the seeming duty of many to palliate. From his Chicago pulpit he had denounced the repeal of the Wilmot proviso, provoking a reply from Stephen A. Douglas on the floor of the United States Senate. And he was now among a people who put him forward as their champion in the contest for the national life. The tributary letters of this period speak especially of the thrilling effect of his sermon on the death of the martyred President Lincoln. They also show how his own sorrows, in the death of two lovely children, brought

him into tender sympathy with his flock in all like afflictions. He remained at Newburyport until November, 1868, when he was unanimously called to the pastoral charge of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. J.

The pastorate at Trenton was his last and longest term of service, continuing nearly twenty years. In many respects it was a pleasant and fruitful ministry. He had come back among his early friends, near the scene of his happy student life at Princeton. The two great cities of New York and Philadelphia were at hand, with their rich opportunities for keeping in touch with the times. He had the warm sympathy and support of Chancellor Henry Green and the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the First Church, as well as the aid and counsel of his friends and co-workers in the congregation. As to his success in the pulpit and parish, and his efficient labors in the schools, missions, and charities of the city, a full narrative may be found in the interesting and beautiful tributes herewith published.

When Dr. Richardson felt constrained by the state of his health to relinquish the charge of this church, his resignation could only be accepted, as the resolutions of the congregation and session indicate, with the deepest sorrow and reluctance. For a time afterwards he resided in New York City and at Tarrytown on the Hudson, passing the summers in his cottage at Bayhead, on the Jersey coast. But he could not be idle. He found a congenial task as one of the editors of the Standard English Dictionary in preparation by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, and brought to it all his enthusiasm

and industry. His colleagues, in their memorial tribute, have testified to his high scholarship and engaging social qualities. While absorbed in this exhausting literary work his health began more seriously to fail, and he was at length obliged to remain in his seaside home, where he had retired with his family in the early spring in hope of benefit from the change. Gradually it became evident that skill and affection could do no more. After lingering in much suffering until Tuesday, June 14, 1892, he died peacefully in the early dawn of that day. The tidings of his death came as a shock to many, who had not even heard of his illness. There was a simple funeral at Bayhead on Thursday, conducted by his classmate and cherished friend, the Rev. Dr. Gosman, of Lawrenceville; and the next day more public solemnities attended the interment at Newburyport, where, in accordance with his known desire, he was buried beside the graves of two of his children. A memorial service was also held in his former church at Trenton, with a sermon preached by Dr. Gosman. The Presbytery of New Brunswick, to which he belonged, recorded in fitting terms their high estimate of his ministerial character and usefulness. Obituary notices of his life and work appeared in the religious journals. Cordial resolutions of respect and condolence were tendered to his family by the different sessions and congregations to which he had ministered, and numerous letters of sympathy came from former parishioners and friends throughout the country.

While death has thus disclosed some true appreciation of Dr. Richardson, it is to be regretted that he left

so few literary remains to extend his influence. He published but little, only a few occasional discourses, and the small volume termed "The Family Record," designed for the instruction and consolation of his people. The sermons appended to these memorials may serve as specimens of his preaching. But the most enduring record of his services is written in the Book of Life, and graven on the hearts of those who are become his epistles known and read of all men.

In the year 1865 he received the degree of D. D. from his *alma mater*, the College of New Jersey. No one could fail to see in him the well-trained scholar. At one time, indeed, before he left Princeton, he had thought of devoting himself to an academic career in the college or seminary. His linguistic gifts and tastes would have fitted him well for almost any chair of language and literature. They at last found full play in his labors as a lexicographer. But they were never lost or disused in his ministry. He liked to preach as if from the inspired original tongues, carefully writing his text in the Hebrew or the Greek character, and making his sermon truly exegetical as well as doctrinal and practical. He had a wealth of sentiment and diction which left him at no loss in extemporaneous discourse. His written style was natural, flowing, and graceful, — not without some play of fancy. In the pulpit his voice and manner were commanding, and sometimes he became truly eloquent, when having an audience in full sympathy with him, and an occasion to draw forth all his powers. "He was always a hard student, and gave

nothing to his people from the pulpit which was not the result of careful study and thought. He gave them his very best."

To the church of his birth and choice he was ever loyal. He served it faithfully as clerk of one of its presbyteries and editor of one of its journals. In seven of its parishes he labored as a pastor. Liberal to all good enterprises, he gave contributions to the benevolent boards, which set a high example to his flock. Although he had been trained in the conservatism of the Old School of Presbyterian churchmanship, he was not without practical sympathy with the more progressive tendencies of the New School. Indeed, fixed as he was in his own theological opinions, there was no sort of denominational belief or religious sentiment for which he could not have charity. As early as 1848, in the sermon defining his doctrinal position at Chicago, he thus declared how fully he could appreciate whatever is good in all forms of faith and worship: —

"We have no sympathy with that false, ultra form of so-called religious independence, which would free itself from all the power of hallowed associations, and esteem the house of God no more sacred than a house of merchandise or a den of thieves. I would reverence the idol temples of the heathen, I would reverence a mosque of the False Prophet, I would reverence the hoary Cathedral; and if in times of necessity my Protestant Christianity should engage me in pulling down these strongholds of delusion, I would do it with a gentle hand, and not with the ruthless spirit of the mob. I would have respect for any place, no matter where or what, in which the poor, weak heart of man, impressed with a sense of its relation to some superior unseen Power, and conscious ot the necessity of some

kind of offering to it, should present the best worship to which this consciousness, regulated by the kind and degree of his knowledge, should lead him. The religious element in man's nature, however ignorant or fallen he may be, is still his chief honor, is his most conservative principle, is the best part of his nature, that which most nearly allies him to God. It is still the impress of the divine image, which in his unfallen state constituted his chief glory; and wherever any trace of that image is discernible, though it may be faint and distorted, it is yet worthy of respect."[1]

There is the best authority for saying that he was a most faithful and successful pastor. "Even before his own afflictions, his people thought no one more truly sympathized with them; and many of his dearest and truest friends were those to whom he had ministered in their hour of trial. But when twice he was left childless, then the words spoken to those in bereavement were truly from a stricken heart. He often said, 'I knew nothing of others' trials till my own came.'" And he shared their religious doubts as well as their sorrows. It was no wonder that many of them became devotedly attached to him, as their letters in this volume testify. Nor was it strange that he reciprocated such attachments. The following letter, written by him shortly after he left Trenton, may serve as an illustration of these sacred friendships: —

"I am grateful for the little mistake to which you refer, inasmuch as it furnished occasion for your very kind and pleasing letter. I thank you for your long and still continued affection, and that you address me by the title of 'pastor.' There is

[1] Extract from the sermon preached at the dedication of the North Presbyterian Church edifice, Chicago, Illinois, December, 1848.

something very precious to me in that name, and when it represents the relation borne to one so patient, generous, and sympathetic towards me as you have ever been, I find it not pleasant to surrender it to another, though officially it is mine no longer. I think that I have always appreciated the peculiar phases of your Christian experience, not as mere matters of observation and study, but as similar so largely to my own. Whether it be true or not, as has been said, that 'he who never doubted never half believed,' it is true that continuance in the faith, in spite of 'fears within and fightings without,' is an evidence of the reality of that which is thus held, and also a proof of an ever increasing conviction of it. If otherwise, how could we keep our hold?

"I am thankful that I have ever been able to help you in any way. But you have not been only a receiver. I have received as much and more from you. I have always felt while preaching, as well as in more private communication, that you could appreciate my feeling, as expressed, even if not in the language of too great personal assurance or too little regard for the trembling faith and the frequent misgivings of others. The older I grow I become more tolerant and compassionate towards all the latter class, while at the same time I think I make less for myself of some of the troubles with which I used to be assailed. Our faith, after all, finds its only solid basis in the personal Jesus, the Christ, and on that rock we may rest, even if tempests do blow and waves beat wildly against it. We are not far away from the land of light; let us go patiently and hopefully forward to it through this low valley of cloud and shadow."

In all the relations of life he was strictly honorable. Advances from another church were never encouraged, if he foresaw that he could not become their pastor. He incurred no debts which he could not pay; and debts of honor were sacred to him, though others should

neglect their obligations and leave him to bear heavy losses.

He was a steadfast friend and genial companion. In conversation his individuality often appeared unique, though not eccentric. He had his own original way of putting things. When he chose he would mask a grave truth in some humorous paradox, which could not be parried, or clinch it with some extreme statement that more than proved his point. Examples of his sententious sayings may be found in these pages.

In estimating his character, it should be stated that there was a side of it not shown to the world. His sensibilities were very acute. He both suffered and enjoyed intensely, more than most men; but the suffering quite outweighed the joy. Hard trials and keen disappointments were borne by him with a calm exterior, especially during the later years of his ministry; and to anguish of mind was often added nervous depression caused by an insidious disease, which could have but one termination. Hence there were moods and contrasts in his high-strung nature. By turns he would be joyous and gloomy, indignant and tender; and when wounded in a sore point his reserve became absolute. At such times, it may be, some of his best friends did not quite understand him; but beneath all the sunshine and shadow of his temperament, there could beat no truer and kinder heart.

Dr. Richardson was married on the 7th of September, 1853, at Hadley, Mass., to Miss Octavia Woodbridge, daughter of Rev. John Woodbridge, D.D. To this union he brought all the chivalrous devotion of his un-

selfish nature, and in it he found the chief joy of his life. His affections for his children were absorbing passions. There was a touch of his poetic sentiment and scholarly taste in the very names which he gave to them: "Klyda," the Greek for a wave, to his daughter born at the seashore, and "Verne," Latin for spring, to his son who came in the spring-time. Of two of his dead children he said to his Newburyport people at parting, "Whenever a flower is laid upon their graves, wherever I am, I shall feel it." Amid all his sorrows and trials his home was ever a remaining solace; and under its soothing ministries at last he sank to rest. Of those final scenes of illness and parting it is not for me to speak. The veil has been tenderly drawn aside for us by the hand of filial affection. The sketch which follows will meet a desire of many hearts to know all that it tells them.

All winter father had been steadily engaged in literary work which required most intense and constant application, and he sometimes said he was so tired that he wondered if he could ever get rested. His determination and courage often led him to undertake his work on a day which he should have spent in bed, and the other gentlemen who were busy in the same room with him little knew the severe strain he was putting upon himself. It was only in yielding to our most earnest and anxious solicitations that he consented to come to the seashore cottage he loved so much, — "for a few days," as he said.

Every day the fact became more evident that the time for his going back must be deferred, and little by little he seemed to lose strength and to suffer increasingly. It troubled him that he did not begin to improve, for he said he had a great deal to do yet, and felt that he could not afford the time to be ill. For

two or three weeks he was able to sit up for a part of the day, and once or twice he took a short walk; but he had a great deal of pain, and most of the time was spent in fighting it as bravely and cheerfully as might be.

In the summers that are gone he took great delight in making long excursions into the woods, and he knew every tree and plant by name. As he used to lie on his bed through those April days, he liked to have his curtain drawn to enable him to see the woods in the distance, and often he said, with a sigh, "I shall never walk in those woods and gather magnolias again;" but we did not think it could be so. We hoped that when the June weather brought back the swamp magnolias, which he particularly loved, he would be able to go and bring them home as he used to do; but when the flowers were brought home in all their sweetness, they rested on his coffin.

The spring grew more and more beautiful, and we tried to get dear father out on the piazza, where he had always taken great pleasure in sitting and watching the vessels go by. But it tired him to sit up long, and there was the almost unceasing pain to weary him, and almost imperceptibly the time came when he made no attempt to rise, but said he would try lying still that day, and see if he would not be better to-morrow. After that he seemed contented to stay in his room, and he never came down stairs again. The doctors thought that it was inadvisable to give him opiates, as they retarded the slight chance there remained of arresting his disease; so there were very few things we could do to relieve the constant suffering which was so very hard to witness, and which he bore with increasing resignation and patience. I used to sit by him and hold his hand, and he would say sadly, "Can't *any one* do anything to relieve this awful agony?" and it was bitterly hard to see all remedies fail. Sometimes he would lie and moan for hours, and then we would hear him talking to himself, as I thought; but one time when I asked him what he had said, he answered: "I was only saying my prayers. I am always pray-

ing for patience." He often repeated hymns, and sometimes even sung. His voice, which had always been sweet and true, did not fail him up to the last, and he said he believed that singing did him more good than groaning.

In spite of the pain and the great nervous depression which frequently hung over him, a spirit of fun occasionally manifested itself. One day when I had given him a quieting medicine, he said in a whisper, "Hush! don't say anything; for the pain may come back. I think it listens." And as he began to grow easier he kept on saying, "If it hears you, it will come back; so we must not let it know that I feel a little better."

His unselfishness and gentle courtesy never failed him. Often he would apologize for making so much trouble, and he always tried to do everything for himself that he could. He submitted cheerfully to trying the various remedies advised by his physicians, and did everything in his power to forward his recovery, though I think he had really very little hope that he could get well.

About the first of June we had a consultation of the doctors, and though on that day our dear invalid seemed freer from pain than for some time, he was getting weaker, and we felt very uneasy about him. The next day the doctor told me that the situation was extremely critical, and explained to me just how slight his chances for recovery were. After that there came a week of alternate hope and fear, until the evening of Saturday, the 11th of June. As father was moderately comfortable, we left him in good hands while we took a ten minutes' walk, and gathered strength for what might be before us. Father had suffered from excessive thirst for several days, and the dreadful restlessness which is such a fatal sign had oppressed him. On Friday night, as I was sitting with him, he complained of being very tired, and said he would be so happy if he could only lie on his side. But he could not be really comfortable in any position, and though he put his arms about my neck, and I lifted him the best I could, he was beyond the point

where his poor weary body could be at ease. As I left him that night, at his earnest entreaty to lie down for a few minutes, he suddenly called me back, and holding my hand he said, "We never know what may happen, and God's blessing can never hurt any one;" and then he kissed me, and prayed God to bless us all. All through those last days he was so sweet and gentle that it was intensely pathetic to see him so tired, and to hear him say to himself, "I wonder if I shall ever get release from this pain!" though he seemed perfectly resigned to whatever might come.

While we were out on Saturday night we met our doctor and had a talk with him, and it was arranged to have still another consultation the next morning at eleven, as the case did not appear very hopeful. We hurried home, and found that the pain and other unfavorable symptoms had come on, and twice through the evening I sent messages to the doctor, who sent down various remedies, hoping to give father relief. But about half-past eleven there seemed to be such a decided change for the worse that the doctor came at once. Dear father said himself, "I think this is the end," and I gave up hope immediately. After the doctor had done what he could, I went up to father's room, and he was sitting up against his pillows, quite free from pain, and apparently comfortable. He talked very earnestly, as though he were preaching, and although he knew us all perfectly, his mind was evidently a little bewildered.

The doctor said that he was certain the end was near, but that it might not be for a day or two; so I persuaded the rest of the family to go and lie down, promising to call them if any change should come. Father had by this time forgotten about the changes in his condition which had worried him, and was very happy. He seemed puzzled that he felt weak, but otherwise he was as comfortable as possible. He said it was absurd for any one to sit up with him, for he was all right. "We have reached the turning-point now," he said cheerfully, "and to-morrow I shall begin to go up hill." Then he took a little milk, and begged

me to go to bed. He said, "To-morrow is Sunday, you know, and you must go to sleep now, and so will I, and we will wake up bright and early for Sunday morning." Knowing so well that this was my last time with him, I could not leave him, though I sometimes went out of the room a few minutes to please him, for he seemed very much afraid I would be too tired. Every time I looked at him he was lying quietly, and sometimes talking to himself.

"Hand me gently down the steeps of time"

was a line which he constantly repeated during all those last days, and he gave a long quotation from Schiller with great force on that very night. Most of the time he recited hymns, and seemed to find great pleasure in them.

The night wore slowly on, but it seemed very short to me. I tried to think of everything I would have asked him, and I said to him everything I wanted to say. Once I said: "Do you think you will forget me, father? Promise me that you never will." And he put his arms around me and answered, "Never, never, dear faithful child!" and kissed me over and over again. In fact, that night he always kissed me and stroked my hand whenever I did the slightest thing for him. This sweet appreciation and gratitude, for what was my only pleasure to do for him, made it hard to preserve that composure which was necessary for his comfort; but fortunately my strength held out as long as it was needed.

When the sun came up out of the sea and the morning grew brighter, dear father began to talk a little confusedly, and I called the family and we arranged to have the doctors come at nine instead of eleven. I brought him a glass of ice-water at breakfast-time, and he said, regretfully, "Sit down, poor persecuted child; you have not slept all night, and it makes me sad to have you do so much for me." So I sat and held his hand, and he talked on, sometimes with perfect understanding, and again his mind wandered. "Who is sick?" he asked. "Some

one was sick here," and when I answered, "It was you, father dear," he assented. "Oh, yes, so I was! but I am quite well now. I must go back to New York to-morrow."

A little later he said: "You don't look very cheerful, it seems to me. This is Sunday morning, and we ought to be bright and happy. Pretty soon we will have service, for there ought to be a reverential observance of the day. After a while we will sing." I asked him if he wanted me to sing then, and he said, "Yes; sing! lift up the voice like a trumpet;" but then he added, "We will sing after a while." When the doctors came, although he was not able to speak very clearly, he recognized them both, and greeted them with all his old-time courteousness. "How kind of you," he said, "to come and see me!" and invited them both to stay.

After they left, father became restless again in spite of the stupor which was creeping over him. One of our neighbors, a young man who was very fond of him, came in and helped us in fanning him and lifting him on his pillows. Father seemed to be in a good deal of pain, and was evidently very uncomfortable. Once he put his arm about my mother and me and kissed us both, saying, "I know I am going now; good-by." For a few minutes that morning I was alone with him, and I heard him say, "I have so much to be forgiven, so many sins!" and I said, "Dear father, if we all had as few as you, we would be well off." He answered me quickly, in a reproachful way, "You must not say that;" and then, though I cannot recall his exact language, he said that Jesus Christ could make it all right, and he was satisfied. When I asked him if he wanted to go, he said he did not want to leave us all, but was contented either way.

As he grew more and more uncomfortable I began giving him anodynes, according to the doctor's orders; and finally as a last resort I prepared to give him the morphine which I had ready for this emergency. Before he took it he said, as though he understood, "Don't give me that until you have to." Then

he continued, "I only want release, release!" and I told him that he was never going to suffer any more, and that the rest he longed for was coming soon. Then we kissed him again, and he took the morphine. Through the afternoon he talked incessantly, but we could not understand much that he said. The neighbors were wonderfully kind, and came all day long with inquiries and offers of help.

One of the doctors came in at supper-time, and father knew him, and asked him to stay to supper; but after that, until the end came on Tuesday morning, he was unconscious nearly all the time. Sometimes he roused a little, and spoke our names, and whenever we were able to gain his attention he always said he was "perfectly comfortable, thank you."

Though he was exceedingly restless, and struggled sometimes for breath, the evidences were very clear that he was not suffering at all, and the end was peace, when, on Tuesday morning at half-past seven, he went home to the rest for which he longed.

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our king and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face."

I was quite ill during the month of May, and my daughter was her father's and my own most faithful nurse, assisted by one who had served and loved us all, and who would cheerfully do anything for the "dear doctor." From the beginning of my husband's sickness he often appeared to feel that the end was near, and day by day his sufferings increased and his strength failed. Nearly three weeks before his death there came one

day a telegram from New Orleans announcing the death of his beloved brother, Dr. T. G. Richardson.[1]

I hesitated at first about telling him, fearing that the news would greatly agitate him, but finally decided that it would be better to do so. The death of this brother was the first in the family of brothers and sisters for nearly forty years. When I said quietly, "Richard, your brother is dead," he received it calmly, and then, looking up at me with those dark, expressive eyes, said: "It often happens, when death comes into a family after a long interval, that another soon follows. I shall probably be the next." The same thought came to us, but we tried to put it away.

One day he said to me, "I wish you would get the hymn-book and read me the hymn, 'The Hour of my Departure 's Come.'"

"But it has not come," I said quickly.

"No; but I want to be ready when it does."

When fearing suffering that he felt coming on, I have seen him fold his hands like a little child, and looking up with touching reverence, he would pray, "O God, give me strength!"

Our eldest son was at home for a short time about two weeks before his father left us. It was a happy visit. He had become the father of a little daughter a few days before, and had much to tell about the baby, our first grandchild. He begged his father to get well fast, that be might, at the young mother's desire and his own, be able to baptize the child.

That evening his father had a severe nervous chill, and seemed

[1] Dr. T. G. Richardson was very ill a long time, and bore with wonderful patience and Christian fortitude distressing suffering. He was a noble man, full of kind deeds and generous impulses, — one in whom his family took much delight; and now that he has left them they deeply mourn his loss. He led a most useful life, and attained distinction, especially in the South, being connected with the Medical Department of the Tulane University of Louisiana. He served with zeal and enthusiasm in the Confederate army; was an elder in the First Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Palmer is pastor. He was known throughout the country as an eminent physician and surgeon.

in a very critical condition. We were all much alarmed. The two boys stood by the bed and did everything they could to relieve him. After the distress and pain had passed away, and the dear sufferer lay quietly, with his sons on either side, he said, "It is pleasant that we are all together once more." Suddenly he sang, in a strong, clear voice, —

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name!
> Let angels prostrate fall;
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown Him Lord of all."

Then he gave us his blessing: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

My son went away the next morning, and his father never saw him again. He arrived, it is true, before the end, but the unconscious form which lay quietly breathing away its life could give him no more loving welcome, nor tender embrace.

THE CHICAGO PASTORATE.

Literary.

MEMORIALS OF RICHARD H. RICHARDSON, D.D. This volume is prepared in recherché style. It is composed of memories of Dr. Richardson, who died June 14, 1892. Although these are the tributes of appreciative friends, respecting the worth of one who is dead, there is no semblance of the insignia of mourning, which usually accompany such memorials. Not a broad black line is found on any page. The cover is pearly white. It lies before us like a calla lily, and almost has the fragrance of flowers of which the departed was so fond. A perusal of the contents confirms what all Dr. Richardson's friends well knew, that he was most honorable as a man, steadfast as a friend, deeply sympathetic as a pastor. He possessed rare gifts, which had been assiduously cultivated. His attainments took a wide range—in theology, music, poetry, rhetoric, and especially in the classics, and languages of Scripture. But all were strictly tributary to his work as a preacher of the gospel, in which he excelled. He was intimately acquainted with the Scriptures, often aptly quoting sentences found in nooks of the Bible. We heard him deliver an admirable charge to a pastor at an installation in which was not a word of his own. It was Bible from beginning to end, and most exquisitely woven together. He was devoted to his children, and carried the thought of them almost as a burden. On one occasion he said to a mother, at whose house he was a guest, in that quaint way which made his remarks like "nails well fastened:" "Are you one of the anxious mothers? I am." The peculiarities and excellencies of his character are well brought out in the contents of this volume, which are a biographical sketch by Professor Shields, of Princeton University, followed by a history of his pastorates in Chicago, Newburyport and Trenton; also tributes, as they came from friends and ecclesiastical bodies. The volume closes with three sermons of Dr. Richardson. This book will be the only keepsake that his friends will have. He did not write for the press, nor publish, although well qualified to do so. A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

THE CHICAGO PASTORATE.

From Dedication Sermon.

ON the nineteenth day of April last, he who now addresses you landed on your shores, a total stranger to the place and people. His coming was neither devised nor determined by the counsel of his own will, but by the church to whose service he had given himself away, and whose wishes thenceforth became to him commands of God; and thus coming, he trusted that he should come in the fulness of the blessing of God and the gospel of peace.

His commission authorized and instructed him to establish here, if proper and possible, a branch of that household of faith with which he is himself connected. To say that in this work he encountered difficulties and trials, is merely to record the fulfilment of his own expectations, and the expectations of those who sent him. These anticipations were founded upon a knowledge of the nature and relations of the enterprise, and upon an acquaintance with the past history of all similar undertakings.

It seems to be a very general, if not a universal, appointment of Divine Providence, that the walls of Jerusalem shall be built in troublous times; and in this God does but display His usual wisdom, — a wisdom which, if not always manifest at the time, never fails to vindicate itself afterwards. The obstacles in the way of success in the present case were, of course, as they always are, modified by peculiarities of time, place, and cir-

cumstance. They did not, however, appear sufficiently formidable to justify an abandonment of the enterprise without an experiment. It was therefore deemed advisable by the few who felt a friendly interest in the cause that such an experiment should be made.

By the kindness of those having control of the Rush Medical College, — a kindness which is here publicly and with gratitude acknowledged, — we were promised the use of their building for our Sabbath services. And in that building, on the 21st of May last, in much trembling, and yet with faith and hope, we gathered together, a little handful, to preach and hear the Word of God, and offer Him our prayers and praises. And from that day and that hour God took the weak and struggling infant in His arms, and has nourished and watched over it, and protected and brought it onward to its present strength and stature.

About thirty persons were in attendance on the services of the first Sabbath, and the same on those of the second. During the succeeding week new interest and friendship for the effort were developed, and in the afternoon of the third Sabbath the number in attendance was doubled. The tokens of God's favor continued to increase. As the enterprise became more known it was more loved. New friends gathered around it to express their sympathy and cheer it onward by promises of aid and alliance. Its presence in their midst rekindled old and hallowed and dear associations, which prompted them, in spite of inconveniences and discouragements, which always attend the first stages of such an undertaking, to hold out a helping hand and bid it God speed. And other allies too were raised up, into whose hearts God breathed a willingness and determination to take part with His people in endeavoring to advance His cause. And thus the good work went on from week to week, and from strength to strength, and like Him whose name it bore, increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men.

By the 10th of July the success of the enterprise was considered so well assured that at a meeting of the male members of the congregation on that day the incipient steps were taken toward the erection of the house which we this day consecrate. A committee was appointed to make all necessary inquiries and applications, and report to a subsequent meeting. This report was rendered on the 14th of the month following, when the trustees of the church were chosen and final measures adopted to secure a lot and house of worship. On the sixth day of the same month, the eleventh Sabbath after the commencement of the services in the medical college, the object for which they had been commenced was accomplished. Twenty-six professing members of the household of God the great Father united themselves together, and by the Rev. Dr. Potts, of St. Louis, were organized into a church of the Lord Jesus Christ. From different parts of the country and different branches of the Church Catholic, they asserted the unity of the body at large by union in a single organization. This organization took the name of the North Presbyterian Church of Chicago. It elected two ruling elders, who were on the same day ordained and installed over the church. At this time the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first, and until now the only time, — the disciples of Christ thus sealing their devotion to His cause and their union with each other by remembering their common Lord around the table of His dying love. On the Wednesday evening of the week following, the first church prayer meeting was held, which service has been continued regularly until the present, with only such intermissions as were unavoidable. No new feature marked the history of the church until the 18th of September, when at a meeting of the congregation a unanimous call for the pastoral services of the speaker was prepared. In consequence of the action of the Synod of Illinois, on the 12th of October, by which some changes were made in the territorial boundaries of the Presbyteries composing that body, some delay was ex-

perienced in the prosecution of this call. It was not until the seventeenth day of the month following that it was formally presented by the Presbytery of Peoria, which met in this city on that day. The usual preliminary steps having been taken, the Presbytery did, in the afternoon of the 19th of that month, ordain the pastor elect to the full work of the gospel ministry, and install him over the North Presbyterian Church.

And now to-day we meet to erect the next memorial of our progress in the dedication of this house to the worship of that God whose kind and guardian hand has led us thus far on our way.

The biography of an infant is necessarily short, and seldom marked by any startling fact to arrest the attention of its reader or hearer. It is in the days when the child has become a man; when his arm has grown strong and his footsteps firm; when he takes his place among his fellows nerved with energy and power of endurance to do and bear his part in the world's drama, — it is then that he becomes the man of history, about whose pathway we linger to watch and learn, and see what is the work that God has given him to do. And so it is to the future manhood and maturity of this infant church that we would look to see it acting well its part on life's stage. We would let the eye range along its pathway down through the dim vista of time to come, and by the vision of faith, as we are borne above it on the pinions of hope, would behold it steadfast and straightforward in its march, strong in the strength of the Lord of Hosts. We would see the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. We would follow in its train, and find its progress marked by blessings strewn everywhere around and after it. We would see it with the ark of God in trust, and the fire and the cloud to lead and protect it; we would see it like Israel of old, before whose coming the Amorite and Amalekite shall vanish. We would look upon the seas dried up, and the rivers flowing back at its approach. The rock shall yield it drink and the clouds bring it nourishment. And though

its pathway too may lie through the desert and temptation, yet we would behold it enter upon its promised land, into the millennial Canaan, when the walls of Jericho and the armies of the alien shall alike fall before it. It may be also when its Moses for the weakness of his faith shall be buried this side the flood, and when the drifting sands of the desert shall be playing among the whitened bones of those who commenced the journey with him, when not even a Caleb and a Joshua shall be left to pass the Jordan, — that the Lord will then lead His people — a better host and under a better Captain — to take possession of the promised rest.

Old School Presbyterianism in Chicago.

From a Chicago paper, May 9, 1855.

Mr. Richardson commenced preaching in May, 1848, in Rush Medical College, on Dearborn Street. He continued to preach in that place until December of the same year, by which time the room had become too small to hold the steadily increasing congregation. The organization of the church took place on the 6th of August, 1848. Dr. Potts, of St. Louis, was present, and assisted Mr. Richardson in the organization.

During the same summer measures were taken to erect a house of worship, and a lot was purchased for that purpose on the northeast corner of Clark and Michigan Streets, a location which was then considered as very remote from the centre of the city, and around which very few houses had then been built in any direction. It is now one of the most compactly built, busiest, and most noisy spots in the city. . . . The Rev. R. H. Richardson is a native of the State of Kentucky, and a graduate of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, and also of the theological seminary in the same place. He came immediately from the seminary to Chicago, being at that time a licentiate of the Presbytery of Louisville. He is a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, pleasing manners, an eloquent and able preacher and catholic Christian.

North Presbyterian Church, Old School.

Extract from the "History of Chicago."

In the month of May, 1848, the initiatory steps were taken toward the organization of the society. The first services were held Sunday, May 28, 1848, in the hall of Rush Medical College, in accordance with the following notice published in the newspapers of Saturday, May 27: "Divine service according to the usage of the Presbyterian Church may be expected to-morrow, and every Lord's day until further notice, at 10.30 o'clock A. M. and 2.30 o'clock P. M., in the hall of the Medical College, Dearborn Street. Preaching by the Rev. R. H. Richardson."

Religious services were continued in the college till the fall of the same year, when their first house of worship was erected. The church was organized Sunday, August 6, 1848, with twenty-six members, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Dorman, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Runyan, Mrs. Lucy Fitch Williams, Miss Lucy Maria Williams, Mrs. C. S. Wadsworth, Mrs. Jonas Clark, Mrs. Mindwell W. Gibbs, Miss Doggett, Mrs. Dr. Blaney, Derastus Harper, Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, Cyrus H. McCormick, and others.

During the fall of 1848 a neat edifice in the Gothic style of architecture was erected at the corner of North Clark and Michigan Streets, at a cost of $2,000. It was a small frame structure, with a "pepper box" steeple, and was sold in 1852, when there was erected a similar but somewhat larger building, at the southwest corner of Illinois and Wolcott (State) Streets, fronting north. This edifice cost originally $3,000; it was afterwards enlarged, and finally sold at the time of the completion of the large brick church at the corner of Indiana and Cass Streets, which was dedicated about Feb. 21, 1861. The style of architecture of the church was the Romanesque, and it was furnished with an excellent organ.

Rev. R. H. Richardson was ordained and installed pastor of this church Nov. 19, 1848, by the Presbytery of Peoria. He remained until April 11, 1856, and was succeeded by Rev. R. A. Brown, who was ordained and installed Dec. 14, 1856. Mr. Brown resigned July 21, 1857, after which there was no regular pastor until the installation of Rev. Nathan L. Rice, D.D., Oct. 20, 1858.

The Sunday school in connection with the North Presbyterian Church was largely attended. One of its first superintendents was Charles A. Spring, a brother of Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York. He was succeeded in 1854 by John Woodbridge, who was superintendent continuously for ten years; and during this time the average attendance of scholars was one hundred and fifty. The library connected with this school was exclusively religious.

Reminiscences of Former Chicago Parishioners.

"I first saw Dr. Richardson in the year 1848, when he was about twenty-five years old. He was then preaching in the Rush Medical College, in Chicago, and his audience-room, capable of holding two or three hundred people, was well filled. I was present at his ordination, which took place in the Baptist church, then under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Tucker. I can recall his looks at that time; his face closely shaven, his eyes large, dark, and uncommonly brilliant, and his hair black and curling, falling back from his fine brow. He had a singularly graceful, elegant figure at that time, and his voice was strong, clear, and well modulated. As he knelt to receive the 'laying on of hands,' his appearance was grave and devout.

"When his enterprise had attained to such proportions that it became necessary to build a church, he sent to Princeton for a plan, and having received one which was satisfactory, the building was soon completed, and the church work went on apace.

"When I went again to Chicago, about five years afterwards, I found Dr. Richardson's church a power in the city. It had a very large and flourishing Sunday school, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Spring, a brother of Dr. Gardiner Spring of New York. This school was doing an important missionary work, and the pastor was recognized as an able and eloquent preacher of the 'faith once delivered to the saints.'

"Here I would not fail to mention that the Assembly's Catechism was faithfully taught in the Sunday school. Every pupil who committed it to memory received a Bible, and it was pleasant to see the children of foreign as well as those of native birth come forward to recite those noble words.

"The plan of systematic giving, by cards for each month, was originated by him in connection with this, his first charge.

"He assisted in the organization of the first Old School Presbytery and Synod in that region, and was largely instrumental in the organization of new churches. But while so much occupied with his own work at home, he did not fail to recognize the wants of the world. Some one once made the objection to foreign missions that so many died in the field, and Dr. Richardson answered: 'It is no matter. The work is so needful that no sacrifice is too great.'

"He was a great lover of fine scenery, and having been born under a southern sky, delighted in gorgeous color. I suppose that passion for beauty affected his style, unconsciously, it may be. Certain it is that after a summer vacation he came back from the woods and hills 'trailing clouds of glory,' and his congregations could readily accept the words of the hymn, 'Nature with Open Volume stands.'

"As a pastor he was greatly beloved by all classes and conditions, and in his congregation the poor and obscure were never neglected, but sought out with especial care, as were also the sick. I remember one man to whom Dr. Richardson paid one hundred and forty visits during a long illness, and who wept if

a day passed that the minister did not come. Another, not of his flock, refused to take even a glass of water without his consent, so much had he learned to trust him."

"Recollections throng upon me of that dear pastor, the object of an enthusiastic love as rare as it was intense. How distinctly I remember that to win his approbation was one of the strongest incentives to noble action. Surely such loyal pride and affection as we felt for him could only have been inspired by a generous and tender heart. This was truly verified by a sentiment expressed by him, when, in answer to an interrogation as to whether undue indulgence or severity was most to be deprecated, he replied with flashing eye, 'Better err in doing too much, even in the way of mistaken kindness, than by warping and stunting the moral nature by harshness that is criminal.' This was the key-note of his life, and the impress that it left on my childish heart was ineffaceable. We as children felt the influence of that sympathy which perceived the good intent with readier instinct than the bad.

"Another memory, fragrant and beautiful, was his love for a dear brother, snatched away in the budding promise of a rare manhood, and his unaffected grief when he learned that his young friend should have entered the open portal of the great beyond while he was absent. How well I can also remember how that dear brother counted it one of his greatest joys to minister to his beloved Mr. Richardson during a season of physical prostration, when the bond of mutual affection deepened into a friendship that only death could sever. In the shadow of bereavement, when my parents' hearts were stricken by the loss of the near and dear, it was to him they turned for strength and comfort in the hour of desolation, and the friend was ever faithful, and his gentle sympathy never failed them. The sunshine was brighter when he shared its brightness with us, and the sorrow more easily borne when he was near to soothe and cheer. Many of our dear ones have gone, and

both the father and mother passed to 'the other side' before his summons came. But we know 'it is well with our beloved.'"

"Dr. Richardson was from my girlhood an embodiment of all that an able, strong, tender, and true friend should be, and I had a worshipful love and reverence for him. By him I measured other pastors, and always felt that he towered over them all as a preacher, leader, scholar, man, and friend. The old and the young had this personal love for him, and in the days long gone by he was, in his church and among his people, the central figure.

"To my father and mother he was especially dear; and once when he was suddenly taken ill, and word was sent to them, all other cares were dropped, and they hastened to him, telling us children we must be very good and let them go to dear Dr. Richardson, for he was very sick. Though they were called at our 'evening hour,' not one of us rebelled, but promised to be doubly obedient while they were away, each of us feeling that in this way we were really helping him to get well."

"My mind is falling into interesting retrospection of the time when I knew him as a young man who had already entered on his chosen work, with what zeal and devotion those who knew him will readily attest.

"I recall him in many varying circumstances, always calm, dignified, winning in manner, agreeable in conversation, often entering into the mirthful moods of others, yet always with a self-restraint commanding respectful reserve of even heedless ones; at all times the Christian gentleman, — never more so than when under very trying circumstances. Sympathetic, kind, and generous, he was ever ready to serve a friend, and too noble to remember that he had done a favor.

"Dr. Richardson's pastoral and ministerial record was brilliant and successful: yet it was not enough that he had built up a large and influential church in the heart of Chicago, and that as a

pulpit orator and sermonizer he stood easily the first among his compeers; his energies must reach into outlying regions, where Christians were to be gathered into organized churches, souls to be saved, and children to be brought into the fold. For this he gave his time, strength, and money, sanctified by prayer rejoicing in the opportunities, not thrust upon him, but sought and found. Thus he organized many Presbyterian churches which to-day stand as memorials of his wisdom and zeal. There rises a vivid recollection of the small parlor in our missionary manse, where he and a brother beloved used to discuss these interests and plan for aggressive work, not only on strictly religious lines, but in all that would aid in lifting the banner of morality, public order, and justice. There were no schools in that new country, with its heterogeneous population, and schemes for the uplifting and advancement of the young were prominent in these discussions.

"Dr. Richardson often said that he was not gifted as a teacher; had it been so, he would, perhaps, have accepted one of the professorships offered him by Princeton: but he could use what influence he possessed to aid the work of others. A few years later he gave signal proof of the sincerity of his interest in planting religious educational institutions in the new West by his generous sacrifice of personal interests in response to what seemed to him a call of duty, as well as of devoted friendship. To aid in establishing a first-class collegiate institute in Marengo, Illinois, he left the East to go to the relief of his friend, overworked and deeply burdened by a great enterprise, with none to help.

"None but those familiar with the conditions of a sparsely settled new country, where money is scarce and ignorance and indifference in the majority combine to render such efforts discouraging, at times almost hopeless, can understand the strength and nobility of the sacrifices made by the faithful, prayerful, consecrated men who laid the foundations of the moral and religious institutions which have been and ever will

be benefactions of untold good, — often at the cost of health and even life.

"In the above labor of Dr. Richardson a beautiful and rare trait is illustrated, — tenacious and devoted friendship. Once established, nothing could change its steadfastness. So marked was this feeling between himself and the friend alluded to, the Rev. Mr. George Goodhue, that they were playfully called 'David and Jonathan,' as fair representatives of that immortal pair."

THE NEWBURYPORT PASTORATE.

THE NEWBURYPORT PASTORATE.

REV. DR. RICHARDSON'S settlement over the Old South Church in Newburyport was from April, 1864, to October, 1868, — eventful years alike in the history of the country and the church; eventful also in the lives of some individuals therein, as furnishing those silent influences which mould character and control human destinies.

Coming to a church rich in historic associations, he was a worthy successor of the eloquent divines who had preceded him; and this fact both his congregation and the city at large were quick to appreciate. A Southern man by birth and education, with that fervid intensity of nature which characterizes those born in Southern latitudes; transplanted to a New England seaport with its shrewd, cool conservatism on all subjects, — and as some have not hesitated to add, provincialism as well, — it might have been expected that some elements of fellowship and complete sympathy would have been lacking. But such was not the case; never did the New England character find warmer appreciation; and to the close of his life he always declared: "I love to preach to Newburyport people. I have nowhere found quicker intellects or warmer hearts than in Newburyport."

During his ministry the old church was filled with such audiences as it has rarely seen of late years, and some of his discourses were listened to almost breathlessly as the words of burning eloquence fell from his lips. Never, it seems to me,

since the Master moved among men and spake as never man spake, did such scathing condemnation of hypocrisy and deceit, and evil in the garb of righteousness, and all vice and impurity, fall from human lips; while on the other hand, never was the gospel more graciously presented, the sinner more tenderly entreated, and the love of God in Jesus Christ more clearly manifested.

The mid-week services were truly times of refreshing to many souls. There were times when, discoursing of the glory that was to be revealed, his face was almost transfigured, as if he saw the heavens opened; there were other times when the burden of human souls seemed too great for him to bear, and his unfulfilled desires for others were like a crushing weight. With the keenest, tenderest sympathy, he bore the burdens and sorrows of his people. In every sense a shepherd, it was signally true of him that he went before his sheep. A sweeter lesson in resignation could not be given than the pathetic patience and fortitude with which he bore the loss of his beloved children, when, in quickly repeated strokes of affliction, he was written childless. With a heart quivering with anguish he went forth to bind up other wounded hearts, and brought from the depths of his own experience a balm for others.

Genial and friendly with all; ever ready with a seasonable word for every age, from the little child to the gray-headed man or woman; quick at repartee; with a rich sense of humor, yet never devoid of that quiet dignity which magnified his office and made it honorable, — the tongue of slander was silenced in his presence, and idle gossip found no place.

In the great national struggle of those days he was thoroughly loyal to the Union; and who that heard it can forget that masterpiece of eloquence called forth by the death of our martyred President in 1865.

The two sermons, also entitled "The Family Record," awakened such responsive echoes in many hearts that the desire for their publication was unanimous; and thus the circle of hearers

was enlarged who could profit by those true and tender words which set forth the sacred claims of the family relation which prefigures the church above. The removal of a pastor so tenderly loved was an occasion of deep regret both to the church and the community, and his occasional visits in succeeding years have been welcomed with sincere pleasure. Once more he has come back to us; but the eloquent voice is silent in death, and the eye which could flash fire has closed upon earth. Two little graves, made long years before upon one of the hillsides of our old town, had endeared the place to him as no living associations could have done; and here, in hope of a joyful resurrection, shall peacefully rest our beloved and honored dead. E. K.

During the time that Dr. Richardson was supplying the pulpit of the church at Red Mills, N. Y., he enjoyed greatly the society of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Goodhue, who had been obliged to come East for his health, and who was settled near him. The Rev. Dr. Lindsley, since well known for his work on the Western coast, was also a near neighbor, and the three ministers passed many pleasant hours together. Mr. Goodhue died of consumption, after Dr. Richardson had been living in Newburyport for some time, and his loss was most keenly felt by his friend.

From Mr. Goodhue to Dr. Richardson.

1864.

It would do me much good to see you and talk over many things with you. If my health should improve between this and fall, I shall probably go to some other climate; but I feel that all is uncertain as to myself, and that I am entirely in God's hands.

Your expressions of love and sympathy have much affected me. I have ever appreciated your love and friendship, but never so much as now. And it has led me to reflect how strong and tender must be the love of God, and what abundant reason I have for trusting myself and all my interests to it, whether it be for life or death.

The children who died during Dr. Richardson's Newburyport pastorate were both victims of the same disease, and died within ten days of each other. The following extracts are from letters received at this time : —

"You will not think me unmindful of you, or this your great sorrow; but I know that you had all the assistance that you needed, and feared that even a personal inquiry at your door might disturb your darling or increase your care. But you will allow me through this medium to assure you of my heartfelt sympathy in this desolating, but for the grace of God overwhelming, affliction. . . . The hearts of your people are all throbbing in sympathy with you to-day. . . . If I can assist you in any way in the care of your darling boy, whether by night or day, I shall be most happy to do so."

"How I long to sit down and weep with you, for words are nothing, — often more than nothing at such a time. We have heard so much of Thera's loveliness that we feel more fully what a loss you have sustained. . . . You spoke of Allie's extreme illness ; but we cannot accept the possibility of such a thing as his death. He will be spared you, I feel confident; but we shall feel very anxious to hear immediately in regard to his health."

"It is hard to realize that I shall see little Thera no more, — no more here. She had insensibly won upon me to an unusual degree. At Newburyport, — where, owing to the state of my health, I could not compel myself to be interested in anything, notwithstanding your hospitable efforts, — she made sunlight for me ; and her delicate beauty, sweet expression, and winning ways fascinated me. All this has passed through my mind many times since I received your letter. I do not forget that she was a little child, nor that God diffuses His idea of loveliness and beauty often through tiny forms."

"I cannot realize that the dear child who at our house a few weeks ago seemed so well and happy, and flitted about with such a sweet and gentle grace, is gone to return no more."

"I know not when I have received so severe a shock as this short note gave me, — simply containing the brief notice that that little, bright, beautiful thing of life and joy, that was only three short weeks before with us, is no more of earth. . . . You have often-

times been called to impart comfort and consolation to those in similar condition with yourself. The words of comfort you have so often spoken to others now come to you. . . . I feel exceedingly anxious to hear from you again, to know that Allie is out of danger. Do write me at once, if possible."

"Dear little Thera! Do you remember taking me in to see her the night we reached Newburyport? She was fast asleep. We did not think as we stood and looked at her then that those little eyes were so soon to be closed forever here. You speak of my having lately seen her. It is very gratifying to us that we were enabled to be with you even for so short a visit. That little fair face with its golden hair and blue eyes seemed like a picture; and is it not hard to believe she has gone? Truly it will be one of the little graves that will cast a '*long, long* shadow.' And then you say that Allie, too, is dangerously ill. Oh, if it is entirely His will, may he be spared to you!"

"How pleasant is my remembrance of Thera! I remember so well her sitting at the window with me, so full of childish glee, and with such winning ways. Now I think of her spirit as being with her Saviour, and of her fair form resting in that beautiful spot near her earthly home, 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'"

"I cannot tell you how sad we all were in reading your note of yesterday. They could be separated but a short time, because they were needful to each other. Would you have them separated?"

"I can hardly tell you how deeply I sympathize with you. Your children were very lovely, — and I know how tenderly you loved them. . . . Give my love to Mr. Richardson, and my warmest sympathy. He was a most devoted and tender father to his children, and he made them very happy."

"I cannot express to you how much we feel for you and your wife in this sad bereavement. I have thought much since the receipt of your letter of the friendship that existed between my Georgie and your Allie, — a friendship that was remarkable for their years. How happy they were together, and how pleasantly they played, without an unkind word to mar their intercourse! Have we not reason to hope that that intercourse is now renewed,

and that if we could see them now, we should see them both together with their blessed Saviour, in the full fruition of His love? . . . I know how much you will feel this loss of Allie, who was your constant companion; but I have confidence that He who has wounded will also heal.

"It is a great disappointment and grief to me that I cannot again see those dear children. Every one who has seen them speaks so fondly of them. Their grandfather seems to feel their death very much; frequently he alludes to their singing so sweetly, and to their many winning ways.

'Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand.'

Is it not a delightful thought that they are safe with Jesus there, and that the troubles of this world cannot harm them? Give much love to Mr. Richardson. He loved his children so tenderly! may the love of Jesus comfort his heart!"

From a Letter of Dr. Richardson to his Wife.

I enclose a letter from S. received this morning. The verses which she sends are very touching, and have made me shed many tears, — not altogether of sorrow, for I think of the joy unspeakable when the little ones shall leap up to welcome us when we get home. It is harder for us to wait outside the gate than for them within; but it will soon be past, and then we can clasp them in our arms and never let them go again: —

WAITING AT THE GATE.

It was a summer morning, long ago,
When two of my own kindred left their child
To be my guest till eve.
I loved the boy; for none could see his face and love him not.
His lofty, blue-veined brow the golden locks
Encircled like a crown; and from his eyes,
Blue as the heaven of that midsummer day,
Shone out a soul like the belovèd John's, —
As he were born to some high destiny.
The roses were in bloom, the grass was green,
And from the vine-crowned porch we two went forth —
The child and I — to pass the day abroad;
To wander unconstrained beneath the trees;

To roam the garden, visit all the flowers,
Peep into bird's-nests, chase the butterflies,
Or, wearied, to lie down upon the grass
And watch the sunshine through the maple boughs.
And thus the happy day had almost passed,
When, lying there in pleasant revery,
The boy was for a little while forgot;
Waking to consciousness, I found him gone.
In anxious haste I rose, and roaming round
Among the shrubs and trees that most he loved,
At length I found my charge beside the gate.
Yes, there he waiting lay, I knew for whom, —
His father and his mother, best beloved.
The sun declining shed its warm, bright rays
Full on his angel face and golden hair;
And there he lay and stirred not, till at last
Across the village green their shadows fell, —
Which quite restored his sunshine. Up he sprang,
And with a shout of gladness welcomed them.
I said 't was long ago; and years have passed
Since the dear eyes, that were so lustrous then,
Were quenched in night. There is a little grave
Where he and one sweet sister, side by side,
Near the great ocean with its swells and falls,
Sleep on, nor waken to each other's kiss;
And other children fill their parents' home, —
Their home no more. But in my dreams of heaven
Full oft I see the child so much beloved
Waiting beside "the ever-during gate."
No light of sun or star falls on him there,
But the divine effulgence. There he lies,
In gleam of jasper, amethyst, and pearl,
As lovely as the seraph nearest Christ,
With sweet celestial music in his ears,
Waiting till death, which severed, shall restore.
We talk of happiness beneath the sun,
When the long parted clasp each other's hands,
And sit together by their household fire;
But who shall speak or dream of ecstasy,
Save those who meet inside the gates of pearl,
Where sin defiles and tears are shed no more!

From Mr. Goodhue's Last Letter to Dr. Richardson.

1865.

My time is undoubtedly short. Of course at this stage of the disease it is hard to say how short ; but there are indications that my life can now be numbered by a few weeks (if not days). I am quite comfortable. I enjoy much peace of mind, especially at times. Heaven seems bright and glorious. The prospect of being freed from all corruption, and of being admitted to the enjoyment of our blessed Saviour, fills me with joy unspeakable. . . . I have not much trouble in giving up this world. My dear wife and little ones lie very near to my heart, — especially my wife, — but I do not suffer myself to dwell much upon the sundering of these earthly ties. I rather wish to think of these earthly friendships as only interrupted for a short time, to be renewed forever in heaven.

It is thus that I desire to think of that love that has existed between us. Your friendship has been a bright ray of sunshine for many years. It has been so kind, unselfish, and constant. May we not indulge the hope that it is a Christian love, that it is to be continued hereafter, purified, intensified, and subordinated to the supreme love to God. Oh, I trust it will be so ! You have passed through severe afflictions, and many more may await you; but how true it is that they are but for a moment, and light in comparison to all of this future glory and felicity.

I felt like writing to you these few lines, not knowing how long I may be able. I find a strong desire to see your face again in this world, but God knows what is best, and will order all things well.

THE TRENTON PASTORATE.

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SKETCHES BY TRENTON FRIENDS.

OUR dear Dr. Richardson was so many sided a man that only a full biography could at all unfold his character. Of noble lineage, spirited as a knightly cavalier, a genius by birth, a scholar and writer by culture, a Christian minister by the most resistless convictions, he presented a rare combination of qualities.

I only venture to speak of him as a preacher and as a lover of the young. It was my privilege to sit under his ministry when a long experience in written discourse had perfected his logical and illustrative methods, chastened his style into its most polished structure, and given to his elocution the force and fitness of natural delivery cultivated into exquisite adaptation to the words he was uttering and the truths he was enforcing. He now for the first time seems to have realized a capacity for extempore speech, — if the product of such training or the untrammelled expression of the general content of such writing can be called extempore at all. His discourse took on new vigor and his rare eloquence new power. Those who had heard him with such pleasure and profit before, now wondered in surprise, not less than those who had become more recently his hearers. Apparently with no ambitions outside of his parish, he was seldom heard except from his own pulpit. I do not hesitate to affirm that there were few pulpits in the land that witnessed such sustained power. From the luxurious vintage

we recall here and there a sermon which will serve as a type. One day he read as his text part of a chapter containing the various names of those to whom Paul sent salutations, and then, in a sermon on Christian fellowship, he made name after name to glow with grace and grandeur. It seemed as if the goodly company of the saints had assembled, and as if Paul, by his lips, declared and manifested the love of love, — the fervent fellowship of Christianity.

On another occasion, on the oft-chosen theme of the Garden and the Crucifixion, he reproduced the scene, presented the argument, and reached his conclusions with such pervasive eloquence, that although he spoke for seventy-five minutes, many of his audience were as oblivious as himself to the lapse of time.

He loved occasionally to preach at the asylum for the insane, and with his calm, impressive manner to unfold and instil the precious truths and consolations of the gospel. Once as he finished, a patient stepped rapidly and politely forward, and said, "Sir, has Jesus Christ secured you as His attorney?" An advocate with the Father was evidently the pressing thought of the hearer.

As to his interest in the young, all were familiar with it in the Sabbath school. A good woman in humble life, anxious for her growing sons, said to me some time after he left us, "Oh, how I feel the need of him to help me look after my boys!"

He cherished a lively interest in the pupils of the State Normal School, and in organizing their several Bible classes that met in the church on Sabbath mornings. His labors in this direction were much blessed, and it was noticeable how many of the scholars from successive classes united with the church during his ministry.

He parted from us with rare forecast and planning for our future welfare, and with twofold cords of pastoral and personal regard still binding him to our hearts and to our memories.

Dr. Richardson felt his pastorate in Trenton to be especially important because of the large number of young people in his congregation, many of whom were drawn to the city by reason of the State schools. With the teachers of these schools he cordially co-operated in all that would make their work efficient, and greatly aided them in stimulating the mental and moral energies of their pupils. Most of these pupils were being trained for teachers, and would in their turn mould other minds. He welcomed them to his church and to his pleasant home, interested himself in their social life, gathered them into his Bible class, and made himself personally acquainted with them all. It is the pleasure of many to look back to days when, for the first time away from home, and surrounded by new faces, all loneliness was dispelled by the pastor's timely visit and kind greeting; and those who were far from their own kindred will long remember his hospitality at holiday seasons. That hospitality was further exercised in times when greatly needed. One can tell of being left lonely in the large boarding-house because a contagious disease had broken out, sending others to their homes for safety. She — an orphan, and fearing the only relatives to whom she could go might hesitate to receive her with risks of infection — was sought out and cordially welcomed to the parsonage. Another, to whom came tidings of the sudden death of her widowed mother in her distant Southern home, found in the same parsonage for years the care and love which helped her to bear her great loss, and which eventually made of a thoughtless child an earnest, efficient Christian woman.

Numberless instances might be given to show the deep interest Dr. Richardson took in these students. Often as they passed before his study windows, or filled to overflowing his church and Sunday school, he was moved almost to tears at thoughts of the possibilities of their lives; and that they might be fitted to meet responsibilities well, he labored untiringly. At almost every communion he received some of them into the member-

ship of his church ; and long after they had passed from under his care, he watched their spiritual growth, giving them, as occasion offered, counsel and help. Some of them are now, as teachers, exerting a wide influence. Some in other fields are earnest Christian workers, and some whom he first led to the Lord's table are now with him in the heavenly mansions, among the blessed " which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Dr. Richardson's home life occupied a very large place in his affections and interests, and he was to an unusual degree capable of making the lives of those who were privileged to share the home with him, happier and more useful. If he was obliged to be away from his family at any time, it was a rare thing for a day to pass in which he did not write to them ; and these letters, now so carefully treasured, are full of expressions of his love and tenderness. A few extracts from letters to his wife may not be out of place in this sketch : —

" But how many pleasant features there are in pastoral life ; and especially how many precious friendships it enables one to form ! I am more obliged to the dear family you speak of, and to others, for their kindness than I can possibly express."

" Now I must say good-by. I love you dearly, and my eyes fill with tears as I look at your picture as it hangs above the mantel, and think how poorly I have repaid your wifely love and devotion through all these years of our wedded life. I want to be a better husband and father than I have ever been, — more gentle, patient, thoughtful, and sympathizing ; and I pray for divine help that I may so be."

" I have now been absent from you a whole week, and can say that next week I hope to be at home again. That seems to bring it a little nearer, does it not ? I am just as anxious to be with you as possible, — think of you, long for you every moment."

September 7, 1886.

My Dearest Wife, — I am not forgetting that thirty-three years ago to-day I had the privilege of addressing you by this title; neither do I forget that through all these intervening years you

have more than fulfilled all that this title implies, and more than my enthusiastic love anticipated. Nor do I forget that, much as that title meant on that day, it means more this day; and if there were any degree beyond the superlative "dearest," I would use it in the present address. . . . Once more accept my thanks for three and thirty years of love and wifely devotion, and extend your pardon for all that I have been or done to show myself unworthy of it.

Some fathers are more or less strangers to their children; but he was never too tired or busy to listen to all their plans, to help them in their studies, or to enter into their amusements. Even when he was writing his sermons the children were allowed to play in a corner of his study, or to sit there and read; and when their father went about his parish on his frequent visits to his people, one child or the other generally held his hand and trotted along beside him.

In all the families where these calls led him his welcome was always warm and affectionate. Especially was he received with delight among the poor and unfortunate of his flock; and how much they appreciated the visit! His manners, elegant and courtly, were equally adapted to adorn the choicest society or to please the most ignorant. Once, when calling on a lady, he omitted to send up his card; and the maid reported to her mistress, "Such a grand gentleman, ma'am, wants to see you."

He certainly had an uncommon facility for suiting his conversation to any hearer. A young man, in speaking of him some years after the interview to which he referred, said: "He was awfully interesting."

Dr. Richardson was an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and very much devoted to the study of trees, birds, and animals. He was extremely fond of gunning and fishing, and for many years always took a trip to the West in the fall, where, with the true sportsman's ardor, he tramped over the prairies in search of game. He said once that Esau was one of his favorite Biblical characters, because "he was a mighty hunter;" and he was fond of telling his friends that he loved preaching and gunning better

than any other occupations. During his last illness he said longingly, "How I wish I might have one more good hunt before I die!"

He greatly enjoyed books that related to these favorite sports of his, and read all of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" two or three times a year.

He was a cultivated musician, and inherited from his father, who sang with great pathos and power, an unusually correct ear, and a fine, true voice. He was very anxious that his children should be well trained musically; and he taught them to read notes, even before a printed page contained much meaning for them. He always played the accompaniments for the hymns which he delighted to sing at family prayers; and often in an evening meeting he led the singing. He knew a great deal about church music, and it was for years a cherished scheme of his to publish a hymn book containing nothing but good music.

Dr. Richardson also had an extensive collection of quaint old songs and ballads, and enjoyed singing them, especially to his children. In the morning he nearly always seated himself at the piano while he waited for breakfast; and it is a pleasant picture which his family recall, — that of seeing him bending over the keys, and filling the house with melody, even at the beginning of the day.

His chief delight in music, however, was in the works of the great composers; and he held Beethoven in almost reverential love and admiration. Nothing pleased him more than to have some friend play the master's sonatas for him; and whenever he was able to enjoy the privilege, he listened entranced to a symphony or an oratorio. The changes in musical matters during the past thirty years interested him deeply, and he was fully in sympathy with many things in the works of more recent composers.

Of beauty in all its manifestations, whether in poetry, painting, music, or in nature, he was a sincere admirer and a thor-

oughly appreciative student. Surely, to a nature thus constituted, the celestial music, the glorious visions, and the "fadeless green of paradise" must bring wonderful peace and happiness.

No wonder that Dr. Richardson endeared himself to all hearts. The little children in the infant school of his Trenton church used to watch for him to enter their room on Sunday afternoons, and it was a common occurrence for them to bring him flowers, which often they had watched and tended solely for the "Doctor." One Sunday he was greatly touched by this little act of one of them: As he walked up the aisle of the infant schoolroom, a small girl who sat at the end of the pew seized his hand, and holding it a moment, affectionately kissed it, much to his surprise and pleasure.

From the Minutes of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. J.

The Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Trenton desire to record their deep and abiding sense of the faithful and efficient service rendered to them and to the church by the Rev. Dr. Richardson during the vacant pastorate from the resignation of Dr. Hall to the installation of Mr. Dixon.

The able and instructive discourse and the touching words of Dr. Richardson on declaring vacant the pulpit of this church; his prompt and constant attendance as moderator upon the meetings of the Session; his wise suggestions and prudent counsels in our deliberations, — entitle him to our warmest gratitude, and have greatly increased and strengthened our esteem and respect, long before so deeply entertained for him.

This Session heartily recognizes the great obligations Dr. Richardson has laid us under, and in grateful appreciation thereof, for ourselves and in behalf of the church, we extend to him our warmest thanks, the assurances of our most respectful consideration, and our most earnest wishes for his health and happiness.

Resolved, That a copy of these minutes be sent to Dr. Richardson by the clerk of the Session.

HUGH H. HAMILL,
Clerk of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J.

27 OCTOBER, 1884.

Rev. Dr. Richardson's Retirement (1887).

At a meeting of the congregation of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, held on the evening of the 9th instant, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas, this congregation has heard from Rev. Dr. Richardson this evening a statement of the reasons which in his judgment make it necessary for him to tender his resignation as pastor of this church; therefore,

Resolved, That we have received the announcement of his purpose with the most profound regret.

Resolved, That it is with no mere customary expression of sorrow that we recognize the fact that the necessity for rest after his long and continuous service in the ministry will not permit him to continue a pastorate which, for almost nineteen years, has been distinguished by an unceasing devotion to the Master's cause, by the most earnest interest in and anxious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his congregation, by a faithful and unfaltering exposition of Divine truth, by rare eloquence and conspicuous ability in the pulpit, by wisdom and prudence and charity in his daily walk and conversation and in all his intercourse and relations with his people, and by warm Christian sympathy in the hour of our sorrow and affliction.

Resolved, That it is with unfeigned sorrow that we feel constrained by a sense of duty to our pastor to yield our consent to join with him in his request to Presbytery for a dissolution of his pastoral relation with this church; we do so under the conviction that he has prayerfully considered the step he has taken, and has been guided by Divine wisdom in the resolution he has formed.

Resolved, That we will cherish him in memory, not only as a faithful and beloved pastor, but also as a personal friend and Christian brother; and that in his separation from us he will bear with him the esteem and love of this entire congregation and people, which he has so worthily won and so firmly retained; and that we will ever be ready to welcome him to our hearts and homes.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to our pastor, and a copy be also presented to Presbytery.

Resolutions on Dr. Richardson's Resignation in Trenton.

Whereas, at a called meeting of the Session of the Fourth Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening, April 27th, 1887, our beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Richardson, tendered his resignation, to our surprise and regret; and whereas for nearly nineteen years he has so faithfully ministered to us in word and doctrine, going in and out before us, breaking to us the bread of life, never failing to declare the whole counsel of God; his earnest desire has been to have men accept Christ as the Saviour of sinners; he has presented the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible with distinctive clearness, as formulated in the Westminster Confession; as a Session we can testify that no uncertain sound has emanated from this pulpit, but that the great doctrines of the Bible have been presented with a fearlessness that convinces of their importance and his faithfulness as a minister of the gospel.

And whereas, by his great kindness and gentleness he has endeared himself to us; more especially have we been turned to him as our pastor, for he has baptized our children, stood at the altar and united them in holy matrimony, ministered to our sick and suffering, buried our dead, comforted and consoled us in our bereavements, commending us all to the spirit of God's grace and mercy; therefore,

Resolved, That in severing this connection so long and so peaceful, we as a Session desire to bear our testimony to his uniform kindness and our great love for him who has borne our shortcomings with such great Christian consideration.

Resolved, That wherever God in His mercy may cast his lot, our prayer shall follow him that his days may be prolonged, that his life and health may be spared, that he may be permitted to tell his dying fellowmen of the unsearchable riches of Christ and commend them to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to this dispensation that separates us from our beloved pastor whom we have known so long and loved so well.

A. A. Hutchinson.
Wm. D. Sinclair.
R. L. Hutchinson.
C. S. Cook.
A. C. Apgar.

From a Member of the Trenton Church at the Time of his Resignation.

My very dear Pastor, — I cannot express to you my surprise and grief when I heard last night of your proposition. Can you not reconsider the matter? . . . I have most earnestly wished and hoped that we (my husband and I) might never be obliged to transfer the endearing name of pastor to another. Perhaps I am too selfish in this. I know that your labors are arduous, and that your health is not perfect. I suppose my keenest appreciation of the constant cares, anxieties, and sympathies of a faithful pastor do not reach a hundredth part of the reality. I hope we may all be guided aright by a kind and unerring Providence.

Whatever may be your decision, I shall never cease to be deeply grateful that I have so long enjoyed your ministrations and your friendship.

From Letters written during the Trenton Pastorate, when Dr. Richardson was dangerously ill.

My dear Pastor, — I am looking back with pleasure to the days when I could see you and talk with you, and forward with longing to the time when I shall see you in the accustomed places. . . . Wherever I go, the first question from whomever I meet is concerning the health of my dear pastor. So many say they don't "know how to wait;" they long to see and hear you. So you see that the loneliness and pain and longing for your restoration are not all yours. And how earnest and constant are the prayers for you, in the church, and at the family altar, and in the closet! . . . We owe you more than we can express. You have given us those things which cannot be taken from us, — greater knowledge of and love for the best things, and bright examples.

I hope we may not be presumptuous or officious; but we desire to prove our affection by any means in our power.

With love to the shepherdess, and honor and love for yourself,

Yours in sincerity,

— —

"We miss your kindly, comforting presence so constantly that we find it hard to 'count it all joy, and in everything give thanks.' . . . We oftentimes find it a difficult duty just to leave you in the Lord's hands and patiently wait His time; and yet our only real comfort is the consciousness that you (and we all) are in His faith-

ful keeping, and that He will send us every blessing just at the right time. I wish so much, dear doctor, that I knew how to write some comforting thoughts which might prove 'a word in season to one who is weary.'"

"I know that the words of sweet comfort and promise which you have so often spoken to others, and which have made you so precious to us all, were not unmeaning words to you, but tried ones, and that the dear Lord will bring all things to your remembrance, according to your need."

Dear Pastor, — We desire to express to you our sympathy in your illness, feeling that your trials are ours, even as you have made our trials yours in days past. We appreciate your faithful and loving labors among your people, and we earnestly desire to see you restored to health and strength. Believing that complete rest from pastoral duty will contribute to this end, with your consent we will be glad to attend to supplying the pulpit for the next two months.

Yours truly and affectionately,

Elias Cook,
B. Van Syckel,
Wm. W. L. Phillips,
Charles Brearley,
A. A. Hutchinson,
In behalf of the Officers of the Church.

A Letter to his Trenton Physician.

20 East 32d Street, New York,
Dec. 21, 1891.

My dear Friend, — I send my Christmas greetings in time, so that you will be sure to have them when the Advent morning comes. I wish that I could have some more substantial blessing to greet you with, every morning of the year when you come down from your nightly rest; but after all, words and wishes are far from valueless. A word spoken in season, how good is it! We have the wise man's authority for that, and we have the testimony of our own experience. How often have we found richest blessing in a good word spoken to ourselves at the right time, or spoken by ourselves to some other to whom the kindly voice came as balm in sickness, strength in weakness, comfort in sorrow, hope and courage in despondency! I should like to say such word to you

and yours as would be all this. At least I can wish it, and so I do.

I have been made very sorry by learning, a few days ago, that you were suffering from what I trust will be only a temporary disablement of one of your hands. Well, that is a great misfortune; but if that hand could but think and speak, what a host of recollections it could recall, and what a story it would have to tell of the times it has administered relief to the suffering, lifted from the bed of sickness to healthful activity, rescued life from impending death! But you can think for it, and the thinking, I am sure, ought to make you very happy in the remembrance of all it has done. Certainly I have reason for grateful remembrance of what it has done for me. I easily recall the many times I have waited for your coming, and how thankfully I accepted its kindly service. It is given to but few men of any other profession than yours to indulge in such pleasant retrospections. I can but hope that this service may long be continued; but if it should not, be grateful for the past. The time is drawing rapidly near to you and to me — and these anniversaries remind us very forcibly of it — when all disabilities shall be removed, and when we shall have no more suffering nor sickness ourselves, and no need to offer service of help and healing to others. The dear Lord whose birth we celebrate will then have healed all our infirmities and renewed our youth, and from His presence we shall go no more out thenceforth and forever. Much love from all with me to all with you.

Affectionately yours,

R. H. Richardson.

FUNERAL SERVICES AND PUBLIC TRIBUTES.

FUNERAL SERVICES AND PUBLIC TRIBUTES.

Services at Bayhead.

A simple funeral service was held at Bayhead at noon, on Thursday, June 16. Father's old friend, the Rev. Dr. Gosman, of Lawrenceville, N. J., conducted it, assisted by Rev. Mr. Armstrong and Dr. Studdiford, of Trenton. The service was just what father would have liked, I think, — unostentatious, and simple. The day was beautiful, and in the parlor where he lay the air was sweet with the sea breeze which came through the open windows, and with the odor of the magnolias. A large bunch of these flowers was laid on the coffin, and there was one lovely bud in his hand. A great many of his old friends and parishioners came from out of town, and all the kind neighbors at Bayhead came to look their last on the man who was universally respected and loved. Among these were a number of the fishermen and boatmen, in whom father had always taken a great interest, and who felt for him a deep regard and affection. Six of these men carried him out of the home which had been so pleasant, and as tenderly as possible lifted the coffin which contained all that was mortal of their kind friend. They seemed to feel greatly honored at being able to perform this last service, and I know that father himself would rather have had them than any one else.

Some of our friends very kindly helped us with the singing, and the two hymns which were sung were two which father particularly liked, and which he often repeated during his ill-

ness, — part of Bernard's beautiful hymn, beginning with the verse,

"Brief life is here our portion,"

and

"Forever with the Lord."

After the singing of the first hymn Mr. Armstrong read selections from the Bible, beginning with the words, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Then Dr. Gosman gave a brief sketch of father's life and work, speaking of his ability as a preacher, of his scholarly attainments, and of the amount of good which he had been enabled to accomplish. He told of his great interest in his people, and of the close ties which bound together pastor and people in the various parishes to which he had ministered. He paid a beautiful tribute to his devotion to his home and family, and to his affectionate, unselfish character, manifesting itself in all the relations of life. He gave no elaborate eulogy, for none was needed. To the faithful servant of the Master the reward and the crown of his labor had been given already, when the heavenly gates had opened to let him in.

Dr. Gosman's loving and appreciative words were appropriately followed by Dr. Studdiford's beautiful prayer, which contained great comfort and peace for those who heard it; and after the prayer Dr. Gosman, in accordance with a request of father's made not long before he died, read one of his favorite poems, "The Sleep," by Mrs. Browning. How often we have heard him repeat these two verses: —

"'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd sleep.
. . . . . .

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er him fall!
He giveth His belovèd sleep.'"

Dr. Gosman's benediction brought the short service to a close. Then the quiet face, with its expression of great peace and happiness, was hidden from our sight, and the fishermen reverently and tenderly lifted the coffin which held all that was mortal of the dear master of the house, and softly carried him out to complete the last stage of his journey.

Services at Newburyport.

In 1876, during a long and suffering illness, Dr. Richardson said one day, "When I die I would like to be carried to Newburyport and laid beside the children." Through the watchful care of the good physician, and by the blessing of God, he was spared nearly sixteen years longer, but the promise was given; indeed, no other place could have been thought of. The precious plot of ground at the end of the "Evergreen Path" was a dear and sacred place. The little graves with the one headstone tell the story.

Christ the tender shepherd is standing with one lamb in His arms and another by His side. The inscription reads: —

"AND HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS,"

"THE PROMISE IS UNTO YOU AND TO YOUR CHILDREN."

The cemetery is one of the loveliest in New England. Looking eastward, one gets a glimpse of the distant sea. In summer it is a garden of flowers, and the birds sing joyfully among the trees.

On that beautiful day last June a group of mourning friends and former parishioners stood around an empty grave, into which was laid with tender care, and by loving hands, the

weary pastor who had come home to sleep "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

"Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom.
Here in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a distant day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

"Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest."

Extract from Newburyport Paper.

Amid the swaying of leaves, surrounded by the beauty of a typical June day, with tried and loving friends gathered and the nearest of kindred assembled around the open grave, was committed to the keeping of the "faithful tomb" in Oak Hill Cemetery on Friday noon all that was mortal of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Richardson. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Sinclair, — a successor of the deceased to the Old South pulpit, — and consisted of an invocation, reading of Scriptural selections, prayer, and the final committal service of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The pall-bearers consisted of Deacon Eben Rolfe, Elders Eben Smith and C. M. Pritchard, — representing the Old South Courch, — and Hon. A. C. Titcomb, Deacon J. B. Creasey, and Capt. T. H. Boardman, selected from the friends of the deceased clergyman. There was gathered a large circle of the former parishioners and friends of Dr. Richardson, who were very strongly attached to him, and who were deeply impressed with the solemnities of the hour and by the loss sustained in the removal of one who had so strong a hold upon their hearts, — all realizing the void his removal had created. During the hour of the solemnities the bell of the Old South Church was striking out its peals, proclaiming to all that another of its honored pastors had laid down the burden of life and closed his earthly career. Beautiful roses lay upon the casket, and at its head was

placed a wreath of ivy and heliotrope, the gift of Hon. A. C. Titcomb. The earthly farewells are spoken, human sufferings are ended, and to the great beyond kindred and friends look with moistened eyes as the grave closes over their loved husband, father, pastor, and friend.

Memorial Services.

From the Trenton Paper.

Rev. Dr. Studdiford, of the Third Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Gosman, of Lawrenceville, were in the pulpit of the Fourth Presbyterian Church last evening, together with the pastor of the church, Rev. Samuel Harlow. The occasion was the holding of a service in remembrance of the late Rev. Dr. Richardson, a former pastor of the church. There were no decorations of mourning. The opening prayer was by the pastor. He prayed that the good work done by Dr. Richardson might ever be cherished for the glory of God.

Rev. Mr. Harlow announced that Rev. Dr. John Hall was unable to attend the service on account of illness.

Rev. Dr. Gosman, who knew Dr. Richardson for forty-seven years, preached the sermon.

Dr. Gosman spoke of Dr. Richardson's sincere piety as a minister. As a friend he was true and steadfast, and always generous. His home life was beautiful, and was his delight.

Dr. Richardson believed that he was called to the ministry, and would not have remained in it a day had he not thought so. He was a man of rare gifts. He was decisive and commanding. He was a theologian of high order. His command of language was remarkable. His reputation does not depend on any one or a few sermons.

Dr. Gosman concluded by saying the last conversation he had with Dr. Richardson was in reference to the life hereafter.

Rev. Dr. Studdiford followed with a prayer, in which God was thanked because the departed minister as an ambassador of Christ did good work for the Master.

Extracts from Dr. Gosman's Sermon.

Reared in a Christian home, in which the courtesies and culture which grace such homes reigned, he early gave his heart to Christ, and Christ became the centre of his faith and life. This must be true with every genuine Christian; but it was pre-eminently true with

Dr. Richardson. Amid all the assaults of unbelief and the general unrest which characterize our day, he planted his feet upon this impregnable rock, and was undisturbed. Whatever else might seem to fail, Christ could not fail, and with Christ the issue was sure.

Dr. Richardson's piety was deep, sincere, and genuine. He made no protestations as to his faith, his experiences, or his hopes; his life must be his witness. He was deeply conscious of his own sins and deficiencies. His confidence was not in his own excellence or attainments, but in Christ. His peace did not ebb and flow with the tide of his feelings, but was abiding as his faith. He did not measure his Christian life by his experience, but by its fruits. He trusted in Christ, he loved Christ, and he served Christ; and this trust was the fountain of his peace, and this service was his great joy.

Piety does not always show itself in the same way; but the grace of God will always reveal itself. It can neither be repressed or hidden. It shone in the life of our departed friend. It led him to the life of service; it carried him through years of toil, sometimes under deep depression; it gave him true and tender sympathy with the Lord's tried ones; it made him sensitive and generous; it sustained him in the hours of anguish; it gave him peace in the prospect of his departure; and when death came to his release it found him sweetly resting in the arms of the Lord Jesus.

As a friend, Dr. Richardson was wise and generous and true. His judgment was sound and clear. He entered warmly into all the difficulties and trials through which his friends were called to pass. It was this which made him such a sympathizing pastor. No one who came to him failed to meet with a full response; and any tax upon his feelings, his counsel, or his aid, was cheerfully borne. He could be safely trusted. Confidence reposed in him was inviolably sacred. He was never suspected of a breach of faith. While his friendships were not quickly formed, — and some may have thought him cold, distant, or haughty, — yet when they were formed, when you had found your way through what may have seemed a forbidding exterior to the large and generous heart within, his friendships would bear any strain laid upon them, and were never interrupted or broken; or if sundered for a time, they were sure to be reknit. He had his moods, and who does not have; he was sensitive to anything like neglect, and still more so to anything like patronage; but after the lapse of forty-seven years since we first occupied adjoining seats in those old recitation rooms at Princeton Seminary, I can bear witness that he was a true and generous friend.

This is not the time or the place to speak of his home life. We would not seek to enter those sacred precincts now shadowed with a sorrow which time only can relieve But his home life was not a veiled or hidden life. Blessed in the object of his choice (one who knew so well how to appreciate his worth, and who ever ministered so wisely and tenderly to his usefulness and comfort), his home life, — made more beautiful both by the sorrows and joys which marked its progress, — was his delight. It was obvious to all that its interests were precious to him, and that he cheerfully sacrificed personal ease and pleasure to its welfare.

But Dr. Richardson's life revealed itself largely in his chosen calling; for he recognized fully that the work to which he had consecrated his life was one to which he was divinely called. It was no mere profession which he had chosen: I think I may say that he would not have remained in the ministry a single day except for this conviction; and this not because he did not love his work, but because his sense of the responsibility it involved was so vivid and weighty. He was often oppressed by it, and found relief only as he fell back upon the call of God. Other avenues of life were open to him, in which his peculiar gifts might have found exercise, and in which he might have achieved great success; but the call of God was clear, and he obeyed it.

In this calling he was a man thoroughly furnished unto every good work. He had rare gifts. He was quick in his apprehensions, clear and comprehensive in his views of truth, and decided in his convictions. He acquired with great ease and rapidity, and in widely different lines of study. He was a good linguist and a profound theologian, though his theological attainments did not lie so strictly in any systematic form. His information was wide and thorough, and he had a marvellous facility of expression. I think he had the power to say fully and completely what he wished to say beyond any man I ever knew. He was apparently never at a loss for a single word. And this facility of expression never degenerated into mere verbiage. It was never used to cover the absence of thought. You always felt, whether you agreed with him or not (and most keenly when you did not agree with him), that he had something to say; and he said it so that it should be as clear as crystal: you were never left in doubt what that something was.

He was eminent in the pulpit. All his peculiar gifts and faculties were called into service here. He laid them all under tribute freely. From the very beginning of his ministerial life, even when a stripling just out from the seminary and scarcely yet accustomed to the armor he must wear, and in the great moral questions involved in the

heated debates which then agitated the country and culminated at last in the Civil War, he was recognized at once as a man of power. The great political giants who were then discussing these moral questions felt that this lad had something to say, and that he knew how to say it. But his reputation as a preacher does not rest upon special sermons, — however able or timely or impressive, — but upon the breadth of thought, the variety of themes or topics which were treated in his ministry, and so ably treated.

He loved the doctrines of the cross. These were the central themes of his preaching; but they were central, not exclusive. He viewed the cross as illuminating all truth and all duty. Its light fell broad and clear upon all that touches human life and welfare. Interests, duties, graces, hopes, and fears were to him as they appeared in this light. He set forth the cross of Christ not only as the sole and exclusive basis of a sinner's salvation, — which it is and which he firmly held it to be, — but as the source of all Christian virtues, and as controlling the man in all his relations. He brought these great truths to bear upon the man in his spiritual life, in his family life, as he moved in society, and as a member of the State. The whole life was brought within the domain and authority of the Christian conscience. The piety which has its source in the cross, and draws its strength from the cross, must reach out to the whole life. The cross was the sun in his preaching; it gave light and warmth and life; but the planets roll round the sun, and are held in their orbits by his attractive power. His preaching was not hortatory. He relied more upon the force of the truth clearly presented than upon any appeal. He would reach the will through the conscience, rather than through the emotions. His manner was animated and forcible. It was his own manner, — as every man's should be, with the condition that it should be as effective as he can make it.

The brilliancy of Dr. Richardson's pulpit dims to our view his walk and work as a pastor; when the sun shines in his strength the stars are not seen. But when trials came, or there was any deep and real call for sympathy, counsel, help, there was no one whose heart responded more generously and truly, or who poured out more freely the wealth of his own love and sympathy. There are many witnesses here who can attest that this is all true. There is far more in the pastoral work than lies upon the surface. It is a sacred tie which binds the pastor and the flock together; and the confidences and the sympathies and the deeds of love which pass to and fro are not things to be blown in the face of the public. If you could go into the homes darkened by sorrow, into which he has brought the light of the Saviour's presence and grace; to the dis-

couraged who have been cheered by the words of hope; to the perplexed whom he has counselled; to the inquirer whom he has pointed to Christ; to the needy whose wants have been supplied by no stinted hand, — you would have a testimony which would reveal this prince of preachers in the form of a wise and tender and faithful pastor.

In his ministerial work Dr. Richardson cherished great confidence in the agencies which God has ordained, and in the use of the ordinary means of grace, and looked for the results of his ministry both as a preacher and pastor in the steady growth of the church in grace and numbers.

This occasion brings to my mind a recent conversation with our departed friend. We were talking of these words of our Lord: "Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." We agreed that we must take the words in the fullest sense, as teaching that the believer shall not die; that he is no longer under death; death hath no more dominion over him. To limit the promise to this, — that the believer shall not die forever, — though he may die a natural death, he shall be delivered from eternal death, — would be to empty the words of a large part of their meaning. The Scriptures surely teach that physical death does not necessarily involve moral or spiritual death. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him." The believer, sharing that resurrection and deathless life, passes now, and in the very act of believing, from under death forever. It is impossible, therefore, that the believer should die.

And even the transition is made easy. We expect that a life of faith and toil and suffering here shall be crowned at the end with peace. Days and weeks of anguish, — through which the needful process of refinement is completed, and through which the strong arm of the Lord gives support and the faith of the believer triumphs, — fit the believer for his departure. So, the work of suffering finished, our departed friend came to his rest. With blessed utterances of his faith, with the foreshadowing of that divine peace into which the believer enters resting upon his brow, with hands pressed together as commending himself to the Lord, he has gone from us, — our unbelief says "dead;" but faith says, "with the Lord forever."

"No, no; it is not dying
To go unto our God, —
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

"No, no; it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
'Receive a Father's blessing,
Forevermore possessing
The favor of thy Lord.'"

Resolutions of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J.

Whereas we, the Session of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. J., have learned with profound sorrow of the death of Rev. R. H. Richardson, D.D., our former pastor, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby bear testimony to the fact that Dr. Richardson ministered for nineteen years to the church of which we are the presbyters, with great faithfulness and distinguished ability. As a preacher, his faith and courage were strong, his diction elegant, his language ornate, and his sermons marvels of beauty, clearness, and power. He was a grand preacher of righteousness; and the supreme object of his labors among us was, as God's minister, to glorify Him by extending His kingdom. We loved him, too, as a man and pastor; for in him we found sympathy when we needed sympathy, and help when we needed help. A good man has gone; but his work remains to bless us and to attest his faithfulness to the Master.

Resolved, That we hereby express our deep sympathy with the sorrowing family of our late pastor, and pray that the God of all comfort will manifest His gracious presence unto them in this dark hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, and that a copy be also sent to the afflicted family.

Wm. D. Sinclair,
Clerk of Session of Fourth Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J.

Resolutions of the Old South Church at Newburyport.

Whereas, it has pleased God to call to his heavenly rest Rev. Richard H. Richardson, D. D., of New York, N.Y.;

And whereas he was for four years one of the pastors of our beloved church; the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass., expressing the constant and unvarying affection and respect which have ever characterized its memory of the

pastors, living and dead, who have ministered to them in spiritual things, and have preached the Word of life from our pulpit, hereby *Resolve* —

(1) That this Session records its esteem for the memory of the Rev. R. H. Richardson, D. D., among the elder members of this church, as an able preacher, a kind friend, and an attractive man, to a circle which extended beyond the bounds of our parish.

(2) That we deeply sympathize with his widow and children in this trying hour of their affliction, and commend them to the multitude of the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God, and pray that the Saviour, whose love the departed so ably proclaimed, may comfort them in their sorrow, and finally, through the blessed Spirit, bring them into unending association with the glorified dead.

(3) That the death of another of the long line of pastors which have broken the bread of life to our people reminds us of our own mortality, and that our dependence is not in an arm of flesh, but in the arm of the Omnipotent God, who is able to carry on His work; and hence our duty is to pray to Him that, as one by one of the church on earth is called away, He may graciously fill their places by His regnant love in His church and in our hearts.

(4) This minute to be entered upon the records of Session, read to the church from the pulpit, and a copy be sent to the family and the press.

By order of Session.

Brevard D. Sinclair, *Moderator*,
William Binley, *Clerk*.

June 16, 1892.

Tribute of the Standard Dictionary Company.

New York, June 23, 1892.

To the Bereaved Family of our late Associate and Friend, Rev. R. H. Richardson, D. D.: —

In your loss, which is ours as well, we have no adequate words to express the deep sympathy with which our hearts turn to you in this the time of your sore bereavement. Dr. Richardson came to us a few months since, a total stranger to most of us, to be an associate and co-laborer. Quiet in deportment, courteous in social intercourse, dignified in bearing, diligent in his work, his keen intellect, discriminating logic, finished rhetoric, fine culture, and varied and accurate information soon made him seem indispensable to us in the task in which we were mutually engaged and interested, and at the same time commanded our sincere admiration; while

the manifestations of high character and genuine warmth of nature won the affectionate regard of all those who came into more immediate contact with him.

In our mutual loss, — which we feel assured is his inconceivable gain, we beg the privilege of bringing our wreath of friendship and affection, and of mingling our tears with yours over the new-made grave. Thrice within the past few months we have been called to part with cherished members of our corps, to whom we have bidden adieu until the great day of resurrection and reunion. With each added parting we have come to feel more deeply than before that the ties which were at first those of co-laborers have become transformed successively into ties, first of fellowship, then of friendship, and finally of brotherhood. In the spirit of Christian brotherhood we send this fraternal greeting of sympathetic affection to the best beloved of our departed brother. It is our earnest wish and prayer that He who is the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow may abide with you in ever-increasing tenderness, fulness, and intimacy; that the Spirit of all grace and consolation may minister to you abundantly out of his inexhaustible supply of comfort and helpfulness; and that the blessed Jesus, who to His troubled disciples said, "My peace I leave with you," and who by the grave of buried love said, "I am the resurrection and the life," may bring you so to walk with Him by faith, that, "seeing Him who is invisible," you may daily have His divine cheer by the way, and, passing with quickened footsteps out of the valley of Baca into God's highway of peace and blessing, at the end of that way may find glad entrance to the gates of the New Jerusalem, and a blessed and eternal reunion in that celestial city whose everlasting light and joy is the Lamb of God.

In love, sorrow, and sympathy,

I. K. Funk.
I. J. Allen.
Edward J. Hamilton.
J. W. Palmer.
Daniel S. Gregory.[1]

From the New York Observer.

The Christian church has sustained another loss in the death of Rev. Dr. Richard H. Richardson, who, after several months of

[1] Committee appointed to prepare and communicate to the family of Dr. Richardson an expression of the sorrow and sympathy of the Standard Dictionary Corps.

severest suffering, entered into his rest, Tuesday, June 14, 1892, at his summer home at Bayhead, N. J. He had been engaged for some time in most trying literary labors in New York City, which had greatly undermined his health, but anticipated from the bracing air of the New Jersey coast an early renewal of his accustomed strength and a return to his work; but God had ordered otherwise, and a stricken family and numerous circles of friends are mourning his departure from us. He enjoyed a succession of happy pastorates, in all of which his eminent scholarship, his rare command of language, his clear and forcible presentation of the truth, and his method of winning souls for Christ and building them up in the faith, were fully appreciated. While ever ready to listen to the real heart needs of all those who approached him, and minister thereto, he had no sympathy with means or measures which God had not commended in his Word. Probably no other of his pastorates, extending over a period of forty years, had such a widespread influence, and was more fully appreciated, than his closing one, connected with Trenton Fourth Church, which continued nearly nineteeen years. Besides a large and appreciative audience from the city proper, he was brought in contact with hundreds of young men and women from the State normal and model schools near his church, who in that formative period of their lives could not but be impressed by his reverence for God's Word, and his stores of treasures gathered weekly from it, and those prayers to which it was their privilege to listen. Few men were so gifted in prayer; few so sang "with the spirit and with the understanding also," — for hymn and tune must be in unison to satisfy his heart. Brief funeral services were held by loved ones at his home at Bayhead, and his body was taken to Newburyport, Mass., to rest by the side of his children buried there, till the Master's coming.

From the Minutes of the New Brunswick Presbytery.

Richard Higgins Richardson, D.D., was born at Lexington, Ky., on the 4th of September, 1823. Born in a Christian home and reared under Christian nurture, he early gave his heart to Christ; and after a full course, both at the college and seminary at Princeton, N. J., he was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Peoria, Illinois, November 19, 1848. He was pastor of the North Presbyterian Church, Chicago; at St. Peter's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; at Marengo, Illinois; at Red Mills, N. Y.; at First Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, Mass., and at the Fourth

Presbyterian Church, Trenton,— which latter church he served with great acceptance and success for nearly twenty years, and until impaired health demanded his release. After a wasting and protracted sickness, attended with great suffering, death came to his release, June 14, 1892. He received his degree of D. D. from the College of New Jersey in 1865.

Dr. Richardson's piety was deep, sincere, and genuine. He was true and loyal and generous as a friend. He was charitable in his judgment of others, but exacting in his judgment of himself. There was no pretence in his piety or in his friendships. He was richly gifted. His acquisitions were large and varied and accurate, and were made with great apparent ease and rapidity. He had a marvellous power of expression; he saw things clearly, and was never at a loss for words to express fully what he saw. He was eminent in the pulpit, both for his clear presentation of the truth, and for the variety of the themes he treated. He loved the truths of the cross, and dwelt upon them; but he brought those truths to bear upon his hearers in all their relations in life, — in their spiritual, family, social, and civil life; hence his preaching was fresh, unhackneyed, and timely. "The cross was the sun in his preaching; it gave light and warmth and life to all; but the planets roll round the sun, and are held in their orbits by his attractive power. His preaching was not hortatory. He relied upon the truth more than upon appeals, and sought to reach the will through the conscience, rather than through the emotions."

He was a wise, tender, and faithful pastor. He walked among his people as their friend and helper. He was with them in their sorrows and in their joys, in their perplexities and fears, — walking with them under the cross, and bearing their cross with them as God gave him grace and strength. Dr. Richardson relied largely upon the use of the stated means of grace. He placed his confidence on these more than in any special means or agencies, and his confidence was not misplaced. The blessing of God rested upon his ministry. He may have carried his views to an extreme, but experience shows that they were essentially correct. After a life of forty-four years in the ministry, and for a large part of the time working cheerfully under pain and depression, he has gone to his reward. Seeking strength to bear meekly and patiently the suffering laid upon him, with blessed utterances of his faith, the foreshadowing of that divine peace into which the believer enters resting upon his brow, he went from us, and is ever with the Lord.

From the Synod of New Jersey.

The Rev. Richard Higgins Richardson, D. D., was born in Lexington, Ky., September 4, 1823. He graduated at the college and seminary at Princeton, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Peoria in 1848, to take charge of a new enterprise in Chicago, called the North Church (now the Fourth). After seven years in that field he was pastor of St. Peter's, in Rochester, N. Y., and of Marengo, Illinois. In 1860 he took charge of the church in Red Mills, N.Y., whence he was called to Newburyport, Mass., in 1864, where his four years' pastorate will be long remembered, and where his body now lies beside the remains of two lovely children who died there. In 1868 he became pastor of the Fourth Church of Trenton, N. J. This relation continued for nineteen years, and brought him into contact, not only with a highly intelligent congregation, but also with many of the teachers and pupils of the State Normal School near by, to whom his ministry was one of profit and delight. Resigning on account of ill health, he was without charge until his death, which occurred at Bayhead, June 14, 1892,—he being sixty-eight years old. An accurate scholar, of peculiarly æsthetic habit, Dr. Richardson was a gifted and choice expounder of God's Word. A marked sense of propriety and spirit of reverence pervaded his public ministrations and impressed the worshippers, while his prayers, graced with most fitting language, lifted their hearts to the mercy seat. His declining days were spent in literary labor, until, within sound of the surging billows which ever so stirred his soul, the cable parted, and his spirit was wafted to the farther shore. A beloved wife, Octavia, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Woodbridge, so long of Hadley, Mass., and three children, survive him. He was made Doctor of Divinity by the College of New Jersey in 1865.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

Extracts from Letters of Sympathy.

From C. H. R., New Orleans, La.

IF I could stretch out my arms over the great distance that separates us, and take you to my heart in this hour of deep sorrow, I would not have to give words to the tender sympathy I feel for you and the dear children now so bereaved. This is a grief in which I am such a sharer that I feel as though I ought to be with you; and my first impulse was to go at once. . . . I suppose the dear form will be put by the children he loved and mourned so long. I try to think of the joy it has been to him to be welcomed by them to the home that has been theirs so many years. But, oh, I did so want to see him again! I wanted to tell him, — I wanted to talk with him of our dear brother who has gone just before, — to tell him of how often he spoke of him with sympathy and affection. They were not long divided, and I hope are now holding sweet communion in a better land.

. . . . . .

Oh, what a vision is before me now of that little cottage at Bayhead, with its mourning household! but one calm form and peaceful face, — that of the dear servant of God who has passed beyond the veil and is at rest!

From M. R. B., Louisville, Ky.

I have been trying to recall incidents of Richard's childhood to tell you. I only know as a whole how perfectly noble and true he was, and generous in every way. He would never "tell" of any one, at home or at school; and I have known of his accepting undeserved punishment because he would not. He had a wonderfully bright mind, and Colonel Dunham, — to whose school we went together, — determined he should know something of three languages at seven years of age; he had been reading English for some time

before, and he learned Latin so readily that he gave him lessons in Greek, and brought him forward so rapidly that he claimed for him the reading of three languages at an age when children now (and wisely too) are only beginning the alphabet of their native tongue. I was very proud of him, and loved him above every one; for he was ever my champion and defender.

From his Sister, just before his Death.

Just having lost one beloved brother, I cannot bear the idea of another following so soon. It cannot in the nature of things be long before "one home shall take us all in;" but how we cling to the earthly tabernacle, and try to keep it out of heaven.[1]

From M. R. B., Louisville, Ky.

Give Richard my warmest love and loving remembrance. How the years of my childhood, when we went to school together, come up before me! He was so loyal, and so unselfish and noble, even as a little boy; and I was so proud of his wonderful quickness and mental prowess!

From C. H. R., Louisville, Ky.

I hope that your summer by the sea will bring its usual invigoration, notwithstanding the sad experience that will ever be associated with it. To me it seems all so unreal; and I know I shall never feel that the dear brother who always welcomed me with such loving warmth to your home, wherever it was, has gone from us, until I come to be with you, and miss him from his accustomed place. Oh, how plainly I can see him, even now! how many pleasant thoughts come back as I see him sitting on the little porch by the lake, or as we go on one of our strolls into the woods, where he had always so much to talk of! His was a noble nature, truly; and what faults he may have had were mainly the outcome of a too generous and loving heart.

From A. S., New York.

Your beloved husband was one of my most valued and the dearest of my seminary friends. You cannot conceive the shock it gave me to learn of his decease. I loved him as a brother; we

[1] As this book goes to press, the word comes of the death of the oldest member of the family, — Mr. William Allen Richardson, of Louisville, Ky. This makes three deaths in the family circle in less than six months.

spent many profitable and happy hours together. In the seminary I regarded him as one of the first of his class in mental and spiritual endowments. His generous heart, his gentlemanly conduct and noble impulses, endeared him to all who knew him. I have felt a strong attachment for Dr. Richardson ever since I first knew him; he was to me a firm friend, a brother beloved.

When my dear wife and daughter were taken from me a little over a year ago, Dr. Richardson wrote me a letter of tenderest sympathy. Little did I think that he himself would so soon follow my loved ones to the better land, — to the heavenly home.

From F. H. C., Trenton, N. J.

My admiration for Dr. Richardson was so great, and my reverence so deep, that I think I might tell you how I share with you all your loss. I was proud to know such a scholar, and still prouder to regard him as my friend. I know of no one whom I esteemed so highly for his splendid intellect or sterling qualities as a man. It was with the deepest regret that I heard the sad news, and a regret which I am sure is shared by all; for all who knew him must have loved him.

From A. B., Trenton.

Our thoughts are with you and yours almost constantly for the last three days, and our hearts are full of sorrow because we shall see that dear face no more.

We are very sorry that we could not come to Bayhead; for it would have been such a comfort to us to have seen that dear form and look on that magnificent brow once more. What sweet and precious memories we have of his call on us last summer, and those two Sundays in our pulpit! What sermons they were! . . . Mother has a letter he wrote her while you were at Tarrytown, and I assure you it is one of her greatest treasures to-day. . . .

As I write, how many, many pleasant memories come up! — so many things I should like to talk with you of, — his favorite hymns, — fragments of his sermons. How clearly I can recall the reading of those hymns, — his tone and expression! oh, no one ever read them as Dr. Richardson did! But his work is done; that dear form is at rest, all pain and anguish over; he has gone to the darlings passed on before, and just waits on the other side for those left behind.

From C. W. S., Newport, R. I.

Only last evening I received the tidings of this great sorrow. As yet I know no particulars; but I must write at once, at least a word of sympathy, — and of grief, for the earliest and dearest friendship of my life is severed by the blow which makes me a sharer in your bereavement.

We left home together for college; and from that day until this our affection has known no break or shadow. I think I never spoke a harsh word to him in my life; I am certain he never spoke one to me, though his advice was often needed to save me from mistake and failure. I used to go into his room when a shy, homesick boy, to have him comfort me and help me in my studies. Being a little older, with more knowledge of the world and better judgment, he influenced and moulded me for a long time as no other friend that I ever have had. Though our paths in life separated afterwards, we were never divided at heart.

I do not selfishly forget your greater sorrow in my own. I know that I could say nothing better than those words of divine consolation which so often you have heard him offer to the stricken heart in the hour of bereavement; nor do you need any praises of the dead, the beloved dead, to soothe your grief. I can only pray God to continue to you your faith and courage under this heavy trial.

From G. S. W., Cambridge, Mass.

I have rarely known a husband and a father so bound up in those he most loved as was he; and when I think of what life would have been to him without you, I trust you will not think me cruel in the feeling that it was well for him to be first taken.

Do you appreciate what it is to have been so near to two such ornaments of the noblest professions as were your husband and his brother?

From B. A. R., New York.

I always enjoyed his repartee, life, and strong words of helpfulness. For his sake I am glad he was the first to go; he said he could not outlive you, and hoped to be put in the same grave if he did.

From L. A., New York.

I wish I might have heard Dr. Richardson preach again. It is a lovely memory I have of the Sabbath morning in 1887, — looking

on the ocean after a storm, — in the old Pavilion, listening to his sermon, of which the subject was Christ in the boat with His disciples. Now for the preacher of that morning the storms of this life have all passed. How blessed!

May the peace of God be in all your hearts!

From A. M. H., Trenton, N. J.

We know that "He who hath kept, will keep," even to the very end, bringing us at His own appointed time, in His own appointed way, "unto the desired haven," where our beloved ones now rest, secure from all life's storms and perils.

"God doth His own in safety keep,
He giveth His belovèd sleep,"

was sung so sweetly the evening of the solemn memorial service! Many tears of tender, loving remembrance were shed there. The church was well filled with those who loved and honored our dearest pastor. . . .

I think of you all so much, dear friend, and of the one who has gone; I feel that heaven is pleasanter for father and mother since he went thither. How their faces lighted with joy always when he came into our earthly home! How lovely they will all be when we meet them again in a little while!

From F. B. W., Trenton, N. J.

I cannot but think of the throng of friends who would welcome dear Dr. Richardson, — the children he mourned so long, and the many to whom he was such a kind, faithful pastor. No one can take his place with me, — a lifelong friend, so sympathetic in joy or sorrow! His tender kindness when my mother died I can never forget; and I feel truly that, after her, I owe more of my training in spiritual things to Dr. Richardson than to any one else. His voice and look are indelibly associated with many a Scripture passage and hymn that he read with such wonderful emphasis.

From a Member of the Old South Church in Newburyport.

We hold your husband in most grateful and affectionate remembrance for what he was to us as pastor and friend during all those anxious years when his interest and sympathy were unfailing; and we can never forget how he came to us through the heavy March

storm, — on the evening when we felt ourselves left alone, — how truly he felt with and for us, and how ready he was with words of help and comfort.

Nor can any who heard them ever lose the memory of his eloquent words in the pulpit ; his wonderful mastery of expression, which clothed the truths he uttered in such forcible, sanctified, always fitting language ; the clearness with which he expounded the doctrines of our faith ; and the deep and abiding loyalty which made us realize that he was a messenger from the King. That impassioned eloquence which drew so many into the dear Old South Church, — till scarcely a single sitting was left unoccupied, — was only equalled by the tenderness and sincerity which kept the hearts of his people in close allegiance to their minister, drawing him nearer and nearer, till, when the day of parting came, "the three-fold cord" could not be broken without intense pain for both pastor and people. And now that he rests from his labors, it comforts us to think that he is sleeping by the side of the dear children whose resting-place he commended to our care on that day when he bade us and his work "good-by." I have often recalled those touching words, "When any of you shall lay a flower on those little graves, my heart will feel it, wherever I may be." . . . I have frequently wished that I might read Dr. Richardson's sermon upon the death of Lincoln. I am sure that of the many called forth by that occasion, none were more powerful, more touching, more truly brilliant, — if I may use that word in connection with such a theme.

From O. S. F., Trenton, N. J.

I doubt whether any pulpit holds a man of as large intellectual power, combined with as modest an appreciation of himself. . . . Within the second year of his pastorate I was struck with the originality and force of his ideas; and this increased to the close of his work here. At first, and for some years perhaps, he dwelt much upon the dark and depressing mysteries, and tried to make them clear ; but he gradually abandoned that, and preached more practically and with an equal amount of acute, deep, and striking thought, and living, quickening power. . . . I shall ever remember the evening of his last day as pastor; the sermon had been deeply interesting and eminently practical: he had offered his last prayer and pronounced the benediction, and we were leaving; I looked back and he was watching us, leaning on the Bible-rest on folded arms; I looked as long as my lingering steps permitted, and left him still watching.

SERMONS

BY

DR. RICHARD H. RICHARDSON.

I. Family Worship.
Newburyport, Mass., July 8, 1865.

II. By Way of the Sea.
Trenton, N. J., August 29, 1879.

III. Till He Come.
Trenton, N. J., September 5, 1879.

SERMONS

BY

DR. RICHARD H. RICHARDSON.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

וְאָנֹכִי וּבֵיתִי נַעֲבֹד אֶת־יְהוָה׃ — Joshua xxiv. 15.

THIS is Joshua's declaration of his determined loyalty to God, however faithless and forgetful others might be. That loyalty he would keep, though all the nation should go astray. But it is a declaration not for himself alone, but for his household, asserting his purpose by precept, example, and authority, to guide them in the paths of a true and loving obedience to the living and true God. So would he prove himself a worthy descendant of the father of the faithful, whose high praise God himself had spoken when he said concerning him, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." So everywhere throughout the Scriptures it is asserted or assumed that when God makes a family like a flock, that family also like a flock shall have a shepherd, whose pleasure and whose duty it should be to guide, to govern, and to defend them; to lead them into green pastures and beside still waters; to order all their ways aright, — himself to go before them to the places in which they may find peace and safety. This family, therefore, is not a mere collection of individuals, but an organized society, — its members bound together by their relation to a common head. To that headship God has delegated a divine authority, and so

has attached to it an almost infinite obligation; while at the same time He has infused into it his own fatherly patience, tenderness, and love, by uniting with it, in ordinary cases, the parental bond. The head of every family, therefore, occupies the position of a double representative of God to the family, and of the family to God; and so it is impossible to overstate the sacredness and the responsibility which belong to his office. He cannot, then, acquit himself of his solemn duties to either without fidelity to both. He must carry up his household to dwell with God; he must bring God down to dwell amid his household. And how shall he do this but by the constant recognition of God in the daily domestic life? and how shall this recognition be made without, or made so well as by, the daily gatherings around the altar of domestic worship? It needs no argument, therefore, to establish the duty of family worship. It is a constitutional obligation, and carries its own proof with it in the very nature of the family organization. A prayerless household, then, is a disorganized household; and whatever else there may be or may not be in it, it lacks the one grand element of order, harmony, and security. It lacks the offices of a priest, to offer up its daily sacrifice to God, and to call down divine benedictions upon it; and so it is disordered in its very highest relation, dissevered from the vital sources of all peace and blessedness. It is a duty, therefore, the neglect of which entails a special, immediate, and constant forfeiture, extending through the whole circle of our dearest interests, and multiplying itself in its ever-expanding influence upon the conduct and experience of coming generations. It is the sin of a representative; and so its consequences are not individual and temporary, but social and permanent and self-reproductive. It is a disregard of a covenant obligation, and so carries with it hereditary evils, according to the word of God Himself, who declares that He will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him; while on the other hand we are assured that the mercy of the Lord is from

everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness to children's children, to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

But even if there were no such federal relationship as this, the consequence would be scarcely less certain upon natural principles. As we grow up and assume the responsibilities of men and women in the world, and establish homes of our own, we know how instinctively and almost unconsciously we frame our family arrangements upon the model which was constantly before us in our earlier years. That model has so impressed itself upon us that we fall almost as naturally into its imitation as we inherit our resemblance to those who gave us birth. The sunny days of childhood come back to us across the lapse of years; its hallowed, peaceful scenes renew themselves before us; we live over in our memories the routine of its daily life; and as all this comes up to us, softened and sanctified by the tender associations of filial love, the recollections of the life, the word, the example of those who called us children, and on whom we looked as the types of all that is perfect in the world, — all this combines, I say, to form in our minds the ideal of the home, which must of course be realized in that new home which we are making for ourselves. And so it comes to pass that family customs are perpetuated and parental examples repeated from generation to generation, and the households of to-day are in many of their essential features the pictures of the households of a hundred years ago. So great is the force of early impressions that they almost assert themselves with the authority of a law; and we feel at first as though we had been guilty of filial ingratitude and sin if we depart from its requirements. Even in little things this influence is all powerful: we wish to see upon our tables the very dishes which tempted our youthful appetite; and often, as we sit down to eat, we are reminded of some lost relish of our childhood, and feel that nothing can ever taste so sweet again as that which a mother's hand once pre-

pared, and on which a father's voice once invoked a blessing. How much more powerful, then, the recollections of more important things, especially of those solemn acts and scenes which took hold upon the heart and conscience, and spoke to us — and speak to us still — of God and our responsibilities to Him, and of our souls' great interest in Christ and His salvation, with its issues of eternal life or death. I am sure that I speak for many of you, as well as for myself, when I say that, among all the recollections of my early life, none come back to me with more of mingled tenderness and force than those of the morning and evening assemblings for worship around the table when the bodily hunger had been satisfied, and the food upon which was thus sanctified by the Word of God and by prayer. I can recall the very attitude of every member of the household, and the look upon their faces, — especially the grave and reverend aspect of him who took the Holy Bible from its place and read to us from its sacred pages, and of her who sat opposite to him, and on whose countenance we could read the expression of a kindly pride in her children, not without some marks of maternal anxiety and care for them. No music has ever sounded sweeter to my ear than when our voices joined in singing some hymn of praise and prayer, the meaning of which we were, some of us, too young to fully understand, but of which we all felt the power, — sometimes, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," and sometimes, "While Thee I seek, Protecting Power," or "Come, thou Fount of every Blessing;" or further on in life, when years and care and toil had thinned and whitened the hair of him whom we all loved and honored so much, and a fuller experience of life, with many a disappointment and sorrow, was ripening for the better life to come, — when one by one the bright faces disappeared from around the table and the voices joining in the song grew fewer (some of them gone out to sing around other altars, but more of them among the angels and the thousands of other children around the throne of God in heaven), — then, as his days drew nearer to their close and his hopes and wishes

took a stronger hold upon the future, the hymns selected became changed in their character, and we sang together, "Oh for a Closer Walk with God!" and "'T is Sweet to say Thy Will be Done," and oftener than all, that one which he loved the most, —

> "Give me the wings of faith to rise
> Within the veil and see
> The saints above, how bright their joys,
> How great their glories be."

And I can hear as plainly now as then the earnest and pathetic tones of his prayer when the song was ended and we had all knelt down in our places, and can repeat the very words of his adoration and his petition when he prayed for his children and his neighbors and for all who were afflicted, and always for the world which lieth in wickedness, and for the full triumphs of the cross and kingdom of Emmanuel. All this is now a thing of the past. That oft-repeated wish has been more than gratified; and within the veil, with the wife of his youth gone thither before him, he knows how great their joys, how bright their glories be. That childhood home is occupied by strangers; and those of us who dwelt there, and remain until the present, have other homes, from which our own children have gone up to heaven, as his went once; but that family altar remains fixed among our most sacred and precious associations, built in our very hearts, — and though there were no other influence or principle to govern me, I should feel that I had done dishonor to the memory of my beloved father and mother if I failed to recognize my father's and my mother's God morning and evening in my family. Happy is the man around whose childhood cluster recollections such as these! He has received a richer legacy than lands or gold, — richer in its own intrinsic worth, and infinitely more enduring and beneficent in its results; and therefore, for the sake of these results, — this power which it has to mould and govern the domestic life of coming generations, to preserve and to perpetuate the worship of God in the

future, — let us never permit the fire of devotion to be extinguished on our hearthstones.

And now is there not something in this service itself so becoming and so beautiful that it pleads for its own observance in every household? Is it not in the family that almost all the hopes and happiness of life centre? Whence comes the magic influence of the word "home," — an influence so great that the very sound of it and the very thought of it will quicken the pulse and thrill the nerves as though some new spirit had taken possession of the frame? Why do we turn so longingly and lovingly to this one spot, as though there were no other in the world in which we could be at rest? What hastens the step and brightens the countenance as you draw near one dwelling only of the thousands which you enter? It is because there is home; and that one word expresses all. It is because there the heart abides, and there the heart finds its noblest, fullest, happiest exercises; all that is touching, tender, and true — all that gives animation, impulse, charm to life — is there. It is a sacred spot; there is a sanctity in its associations, in the love which has lived and grown there, in the fellowship enjoyed there, in the long and intimate communion of its cares and sorrows as well as of its joys, in all that makes up the home life. I say there is even a sacredness in it all which would make you guard your dwelling against any profane intrusion, as you would protect the very house of God against any desecration. It is in a certain sense a temple; and in this temple shall there be no altar raised, no worship paid? Why, even the old Roman heathen, whose homes had almost nothing about them of what belongs to ours, — even they would have thought themselves guilty of a sin against their gods and their ancestry if the altars and the worship of the Lares and Penates were absent from their dwellings. These household gods were an essential institution of the family, and the services rendered them in the daily household life as binding, and in some respects more important, than that which was paid in the public temples to the higher gods of the nation.

And shall we, who know the living and true God, and who owe to His grace and revelation all that is attractive in domestic life and all that consecrates it in our affections and regard, — shall we build no home altars and offer no home worship? Is it not the plainest call of reverence and gratitude? and would you not blush to refuse such a call if it came to you from any fellow-creature? It is of all things, therefore, in itself the most appropriate, and nothing can be more pleasing in the eye of God, — more beautiful in its own intrinsic beauty, — than when in the early morning or the evening twilight a united house presents its vows and offerings to the Lord. It is a scene so impressive even to a casual beholder that its influence will hang around him for many days. You have doubtless read the story of the eminent and accomplished infidel brought providentially to the house of the late Mr. Bethune about the time of evening worship. He was invited by his host to remain and unite with them, but was told that if it was not agreeable to him he could retire until the service was ended. He could not do this without a breach of courtesy, and so remained. Years afterward that stranger came again to the same dwelling, no longer as the infidel, but as the earnest, humble man of piety and prayer. It was then he told them that when he had knelt with them before it was the first time for many years that he had bowed the knee to any God; that as he knelt there such a crowd of recollections came upon him, such emotions filled his heart, that he had not heard a syllable of the prayer that was offered, from its beginning to its close. But its influence followed him forth in all his wanderings, so that he could find no rest until his dreary infidelity had been abandoned for the love and service of his God and Saviour. You have read a hundred times that exquisite poem of Burns, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and no man ever read it who did not feel that there is the picture of a scene in itself so comely, so beautiful, so appropriate in all its features as to commend itself to the admiration of God and man. The fact that it could have been portrayed by such a man as Burns, and that,

too, not as a fiction, but as a picture of what his own eyes had seen in his father's house, and what many of us have seen too, is the highest testimony to its divine excellence and beauty. I am tempted to read the whole of it, but will not. Listen to a few lines: —

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name,
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.
. . . . . .
"Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Let us notice now one main excellence of this service in giving a religious character to all the life of the week. The public worship of the Sabbath and the sanctuary is not enough. God cannot be satisfied with the (formal) service of these set times and places; we ought not to be satisfied with it. The family is before the church. The earliest sacrifices were offered, and must have been offered, not in public assemblies, but upon the

altars where the father officiated as the priest. It was in the family of Abraham that God organized His church. It was in the families of the olden time that the knowledge and the worship of the true God was kept alive. The church is but the outgrowth of the family. The family is the bud of the church. And there is a world of meaning in that phrase which sometimes occurs in the New Testament, — "The church in the house." There is the full description of what a house, and every house, should be, — a church, a place of worship; and all its inmates the worshippers: and the obligation which brings us here to-day, as one great family made up of many, is the same which should bring us in our own dwellings daily to pay our vows unto the Most High. He claims — He has a right to claim — a living sacrifice from us, — the love, the homage, the obedience of a life. Surely such a claim as this cannot find its full and proper recognition in our public occasional or Sabbath day observances. It is just into this place that family worship comes, carrying the odor of the church, with all its ordinances, instructions, obligations, and influences, into all our times; making of every day a Sabbath; interweaving the remembrances of our divine relationships into the whole web of our life and experience. Again, the religious practices of the heathen may make us blush for our neglects. They are not satisfied with occasional and public sacrifices and festivals. Their religion is not a thing of certain sacred times and places; it asserts itself every day and almost every hour in constant offerings and ceaseless devotions. The followers of the False Prophet may shame us with their fidelity; for five times every day, wherever they may be and however employed, the call of the muezzin from the mosque summons them to prayer, and that summons never is unheeded. At dawn, at noon, at four o'clock, at sunset, and at nightfall, every head is bare, and every voice mutters its praise of Allah and its supplication for his blessing. Well may we blush and be ashamed if we will not give to our God what the heathen and Mohammedan would not withhold from theirs!

Let me speak to you now of the influence of this service upon the peace and harmony of the household. It is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore. I cannot think of anything in the whole range of the possible which could exert such a unifying power, such a cementing power, such a controlling and regulating power, as this constant coming of the family before the throne of the one great Ruler and Father, God. Not to mention the direct answers to the prayers thus offered, — answers which are assured to us by special promises and covenants, — there is that in the very service itself which will shed a hallowed influence upon the whole domestic circle. Even the little child who kneels beside his mother, scarcely knowing what it all means, yet feels that it means something sacred, something solemn, something without the range and beyond the range of his other interests. He feels that there is in it a fellowship with a something which his eye sees not and his ear hears not, but a something real, mighty, holy, supreme, good, and true. It is the consciousness of this higher relation and this higher fellowship, thus kept alive in every breast of young and old, that cannot fail to assert itself more or less in all the household life and intercourse. It infuses a new spirit into every relation, and raises every service of natural love and duty into the higher atmosphere of divine responsibility. It consecrates family affection by pouring, as it were, holy oil upon it, and investing it with the sacredness of a spiritual sentiment. It promotes unity of interests by its recognition of common wants and its expression of common sympathies. It gives a divine sanction to every family relationship; and whether as husband or wife, or parent or child, or brother or sister, or master or servant, each one feels the impress of a divine obligation. It banishes selfishness, and subdues evil passions, and checks the flow of angry words, and gives emphasis to discipline, and secures order and obedience, — all by the constant remembrance

which it brings of the divine authority and the abiding presence which it secures of a divine spirit. It looks to God as the great father in heaven; to Jesus Christ as husband, brother, friend, and master; and in the higher finds the rule and sanction of the lower, — in the divine the model and the authority of the human. It is evident enough that in a household governed by such influences there can be but little friction; that all its parts must move smoothly and quietly in their places; that the intercourse of all shall be like the harmony of different instruments attuned to the same key. And then when affliction comes, — as come it will sooner or later to every house, — how does the family altar become not only the place where all can find relief, but the place where sorrow finds its saddest but its sweetest expression, and the missing link in that household chain becomes the bond of a new and stronger union. And so in all the scenes of life, — painful or pleasing, joyous or sad, — it is when bowed before the Father in heaven in all their common wants and trials, as well as their common rejoicings, that they find the highest realization of the family tie, the fullest blessedness of family communion.

And now if you will follow out the members of that family into the world, you will find that these benign and sacred influences do not cease to operate when they have passed the home threshold. Go where they may, they walk in a hallowed light; there is a certain restraint upon them, and it will be strange indeed if sooner or later the covenant blessing shall not come upon them, and the benedictions of parental love be realized. It may be years afterward, when the feet have travelled far away from the home of childhood; when the voice which once invoked this benediction has long been hushed in death; when the father's toils and cares have long ceased, and the mother's gentle hand forgotten its cunning; when brother and sister are parted far asunder, and the dwelling of the early years has long been desolate; when all the scenes and associations of other days have no place left but in the memory. —

even then, from out the grave of their long buried and almost forgotten past, God may command His blessing, even life forevermore. Many a young man has been saved in the hour of temptation — saved even from fatal and final ruin — by the echoes of that voice which, when a little child, he heard as he knelt beside his father, or perhaps his widowed mother. All the clamors of passion, selfishness, and sin in all its forms, all the alluring voices of the tempter cannot hush these echoes in his soul; all the forces of the evil one will oftentimes fail to break the sweet influences of that family altar, or rob them of their power. If you would send your children out into life attended by guardian angels; if you would save your sons from the wiles of the adversary; if you would keep your daughters from a fatal devotion to the follies and frivolities of an ungodly world; if you would have them both live honorable, happy, useful lives; if you would meet them again to worship with them before the throne of Him of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named, — I pray you send them forth from the altar of daily domestic prayer. And if, perchance, you have not yet built such an altar beneath your roof, I pray you let not this holy Sabbath close before you gather your family all around you, and say with them, and to them, and for them, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Newburyport, Mass., July 8, 1865.

BY WAY OF THE SEA.

וַיְהִי בְּשַׁלַּח פַּרְעֹה אֶת־הָעָם וְלֹא־נָחָם . . . — Exodus xiii. 17, 18.

The promise made to Abraham that his seed should possess the land of Canaan was about to be fulfilled. Ages had passed away since that promise was made, and the patriarch's posterity were bondsmen in Egypt. Theirs had been a very strange and eventful history; but through it all they had been preserved a separate people, waiting for the fulness of time when the purpose of God should be executed: and now that the crisis had come, and the high hand and outstretched arm of Jehovah had led them out of the land of Egypt, human wisdom and human will would have anticipated for them a short and easy march to their promised inheritance. It was but a few days' journey from the one to the other, and in less than a week from the night of their hasty departure they might have pitched their tents in Palestine, on the other side of Jordan. It is true that, taking that northeasterly course, they would have encountered the hostile forces of Philistia, who would not quietly submit to see their land invaded and possessed by strangers, — and for such opposition Israel was poorly prepared; but how easily God could have given them the victory, as afterwards He often did! With sudden panic He could have smitten all their enemies, or with sudden destruction have overwhelmed them and the banners of the invading tribes; He could have planted them on every hill-top of the goodly country, and not a dog should have dared to move his tongue against them. There must have been other reasons than that given in the text why this course was not taken, and they were turned instead in a southeasterly direction, not only aside from the straight, short way they might have taken, but also into a place where death or recapture seemed inevitable should Pharaoh pursue them, — as they knew that he

would. It must have been a marvellous and mysterious disappointment to the people — and not less so to Moses and Aaron their leaders — when the order was issued that they should take their march toward Migdol and the sea, and there encamp with the wilderness behind them and the mountains beside them, and an impassable sea before them. I gather, therefore,

First, from this narrative, a lesson in regard to God's treatment of His people, — that He often leads them *toward the sea*. His ways are not our ways; His will is not our will. It is very natural that we should desire an easy, if not a short journey to the promised inheritance of His people; and reason seems at first sight on the side of this desire. What motive can He have in hindering the fulfilment of His own purpose? What have we to gain by delay? Surely He can have no pleasure in the perils and affrights into which we may come! We naturally wish to shield those whom we love from trouble, — it is indeed the great effort of our life; every day we are seeking, not only to escape difficulties ourselves, but to protect them, and to lead them into safe and pleasant places. Parental foresight is ever anticipating the dangers possible to the young, — parental skill is ever taxed to avert them, and parental toil continually employs itself in providing for them or against them; and why should not the Heavenly Father, who surely loves His children not less than we love ours, exercise the same care and loving-kindness toward them? He has too (what we have not) a perfect knowledge of all that may befall them (foreseeing every possible danger and difficulty), and infinite power to prevent or to remove every obstacle from our path; we fail in our effort for want of both. We are so ignorant and so weak. We neither know what is before us, nor have we the needful resources to prevail against it; and so we are compelled to see all our life long our best beloved brought into perils and distresses from which we would have given all we had to save them, — would sometimes cheerfully have given life itself, if thereby we could have purchased exemption for them. And so I say it is all the more a

wonder that the infinitely loving, wise, and mighty Father should deal so differently with His children.

And the wonder grows the greater when we remember that into these scenes of trial we are often brought by no infirmity or fault of our own; we might understand that then He might permit the trial to teach us some lessons which we could not learn so well in any other way. But it was by His own direct command that Israel was led toward the sea. It was not the choice of the people; it was not by their becoming lost in the wilderness; it was not through any ignorance or mistake of Moses their leader. It was God himself who said to Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea." It was the Lord himself who went before them by day in a pillar of cloud to lead them that way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light. It is the Lord Himself who, not less manifestly, leads us many a time into like places of peril; compels us against our will, — and oftentimes against our best judgment too, — into the greatest straits. For it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. Above all our purposes presides the great purpose of our God; above all our thoughts the higher thought of an infinite mind; and if need be, aside from all the ways of our choosing, the way which He has chosen. To that purpose we must yield, whether we will or no; in that way we must walk, whether it lead us into green pastures and beside waters of repose, or into narrow gorges of the mountain and right up to the waves of the rolling sea.

And so we sometimes do ourselves a great injustice, and inflict much needless sorrow on our own souls, by finding occasion in these troubles that we meet to accuse ourselves of sin and foolishness, as though these were necessarily the causes of the trouble. Very often it is true that we may thus account for them, and very justly blame ourselves for them. It is folly to be finding fault with the providence of God as mysterious and

unkind to us, when we have brought ourselves into the danger by a disregard of His law.

But to speak thus of all the disasters and difficulties we encounter is to offend against the generation of God's children. There are innumerable perils of our pilgrimage for which we are in no way accountable. It is the voice of the Lord that calls us to meet them; it is the hand of the Lord that leads us toward them, and not all our wisdom, skill, or might could alter or avert them. Let us pass by for the present all attempted explanation of them. The way of the Lord is toward the sea.

Is not that true? Is this march of the emancipated Hebrews the only instance on record of the guidance of His people into a place of greatest peril? Is it not rather the type of all their progress from this Egypt where they dwelt to the land of promise which they seek? Has it not been the history of His Church in all ages? Has she not many a time fled into the wilderness, escaping imprisonment and persecution only to find herself face to face with dangers and difficulties as great as those she left behind her? Has it not often happened thus in our own experience? Even when we listened to the call of God, even when we followed the plainest guidance of His providence, He has led us to the mountain and the sea, — led us directly toward such obstacles and oppositions as seemed immovable and invincible, — hedged in our way as we sometimes term it; but more and more mysterious than that, between these hedges on either side brought us to barriers which appeared impassable, and which to all skill and might of our own were as impassable as a sea which we could neither bridge nor ford nor sail over, — as a mountain whose rugged heights we could not climb, and around which we could find no way. In the frequent defeat of our plans and disappointment of our hopes; in the obligations we have been forced to assume; in the perplexities we are compelled to meet almost every day that we live; in the various troubles, misfortunes, and calamities we encounter; in

the losses which are more or less the lot of us all, — what are all these but the direct issues of the road along which the hand of God has led us? Where lives the man who has not thus sometimes been brought to the borders of the sea?

Then let us accept it as in some sense a necessity of our experience, and let us be content only to feel assured that, whithersoever God's way may lead us, it *is His* way, and not that of our own folly. Then we may without distrust or fear await the issue.

Thus stands the Hebrew host, shut in on every hand. They could not turn back, for the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh were in swift and angry pursuit. They could not go to the right nor the left, for the frowning precipices of the mountain stood as a wall on either side. They could not go forward without being drowned in the depths of the sea. Was it strange that a great fear fell upon the hearts of the people? Was it strange that they began a bitter complaint against Moses and against Jehovah Himself for bringing them out to die in the wilderness? Was it strange that they looked back with longing regret even to their hard lot in Egypt, and thought it better that they should have remained there than to meet the certain death which awaited them here? Ungrateful and rebellious as we deem them, and as they were, let us not be too severe in our condemnation. Have we not, many a time, been guilty of the same sin? When following the leadings of God's providence, obeying what seemed plainly to us the call of duty, we have been brought into great peril and perplexity, have we not indulged hard thoughts of God, accused Him of unkindness, and repented that we had listened to His voice? Have we not been sore afraid and cried aloud to God in mingled petition and reproach.

Thus cried Israel, and thus provoked the Lord with their unbelief. And then it was that He answered them in words which might have stricken them with new terrors, — for He said unto Moses: "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the chil-

dren of Israel that they go forward." No backward flight, no surrender to their foes, no determined stand against them nor battle with them, but "forward," even though it seemed to be into a watery grave. I gather, therefore, —

Secondly, from this narrative, a lesson in regard to God's treatment of His people, — that he often leads them *into the sea*. His ways are not our ways. Israel might well have looked for some other method of deliverance. Why did He not drive back the Egyptian host? or why did He not show them some pass through the mountains by which they might yet escape? or why did He not suffer them to remain encamped where they were until some way might be discovered by which they might go around the Red Sea, or build them vessels by which they might be carried over it. Very marvellous indeed it must have sounded to them when the command was issued that they should march right into the sea; and if some of them shrank back as they drew near the brink, it was no unnatural fear that arrested them. Have we not stayed our steps too, full oftentimes, when God has ordered us forward into the midst of dangers. Brought face to face with trouble, is it not the instinctive desire of every one to find some way of escape from it, some way around it, some way of sailing over it, — any way rather than to plunge right into it? Is not this, too, in large degree the business of our daily life, — just to avoid the perils to the brink of which our progress has brought us? No man enjoys the direct encounter with them; he may well be afraid of them; he cannot tell what the issue may be; it often seems like rushing upon certain disaster or death to go forward. And so we stand like Israel, trembling on the shore, unable to go back and unwilling to go on; and so likewise it often happens that we can hear no response to our cry save that which bids us go forward. We *must* encounter dangers; we must get into trouble; that is the only way by which we can make any advance; it is the only way, indeed, by which we can escape worse evils. We cannot stay where we are; we are so compassed with dangers, such infuriate

foes are pressing on behind us, such sure destruction awaits us if we stand still! That is life, — more or less the life of all of us. To some it comes sooner and to some later; to some in one form and to some in another; but sooner or later, and in some form or other, it is the experience of almost all who are journeying to the better country. Perhaps God *might* have ordered otherwise, — we do not know; He might have carried the Hebrews to the farther shore of the sea in some other way, — we have nothing to do with that. Occasionally it would seem that one is thus transported to the heavenly Canaan without the trial of the many; but the law of progress is into the sea, and we have no good reason to expect the suspension of the law in our behalf. Two of our race have been taken to heaven without having seen death, — only to show what God could do with all if so He should choose, and what perhaps He would have done with all had no sin brought death into the world. But *we* shall not be Enochs and Elijahs; through the low-arched portal of the grave we must pass to the celestial city, and not in chariots of fire nor borne on angels' wings. And so too we must meet the common lot of mortals; and when trouble comes it is vain for us to think of any devices of our own or any divine interposition by which we may escape the threatening evil. Have you not found that out from past experience? Have you not stood affrighted in the presence of some impending peril, and prayed, even as Jesus prayed, with bleeding heart and beaded brow, "O God, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" — but it passed not, as it passed not from Him; and Heaven's only reply to that wail of prayer was the command to take that cup and drink it, — yea, drain it to its last and bitterest drop.

Do you remember that day of darkness, — that hour when you stood appalled at the prospect before you, when the shadow of death was at the door and you begged of God that He would not let him cross the threshold? And that prayer God did not think it best to hear, because He had another pur-

pose and a better way for you, — though you could not see it, and could not then have understood it if you had seen. Accept this, then, as something which must needs be. Brought to the borders of any sea, only be sure that it is the hand of God that has led you thither. Pray for exemption from the threatening waves if you please, but do not be disappointed if there comes back only this word, — "Go forward." Forward then to the margin, and forward into the waves, if it is the Lord who bids you go on.

Thus Israel obeyed. Encouraged or compelled, there was no choice for them, and forward they must go. And now the marvel of the divine word is explained; the mystery of the divine purpose is revealed; for those perilous waves are parted at their approach, and ere the first foot has touched the waters, they have receded before it, and the bed of the sea is as dry as the sands of the desert. Along that wondrous way the mighty host marches on as safely and as peacefully as over the best-built highways of the land. "The waters saw Thee, O God; the waters saw Thee, and were afraid. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. He divided the sea and caused them to pass through, and He made the waters to stand as a heap." I gather, therefore, —

Thirdly, from this narrative, a lesson in regard to God's treatment of His people, — that He often leads them *through the sea*. We read the story of this miracle with great astonishment; but what must have been the feelings of the Hebrews as they marched dry-shod along the very bed of the sea in whose waves they had thought themselves about to be swallowed up! Did they tremble still as they saw that great wall of waters piled up beside them? If so, how foolish and how ungrateful their fears! Would the Lord bring them into the depths to drown them with the returning waves? That is not God's way with His people; that is not His purpose in bringing them out of Egypt; not thus can His word be fulfilled which insures them the possession of the land beyond the flood as their inheritance.

Ah, how often that miracle is repeated in the history of His people! How often His church has passed through seas of tribulation and danger; aye, even through seas of blood, — the blood of her own martyred children! How often the waters in which it seemed she must perish have parted as she drew near them, and through them she has travelled as safely as in the days of her mightiest triumph and prosperity! And surely, therefore, it were a sin to doubt the purpose or the power of God to give her the possession promised from the earliest ages of the world. Her fall or her failure would be no less a reproach and a dishonor done to her God than would have been the overwhelming and destruction of the Hebrew host by the returning waves of the sea. There are other interests than ours at stake on the issue: it is God's own name, — that name she bears as the Church of the living God, — that is to be crowned with glory or with shame as she shall prosper or shall fail of her reward. Among the nations of that Eastern country who looked with astonishment and awe on the rescue of Israel from Egypt, God would have covered Himself with disgrace if He had permitted the proud waters to roll over His ransomed people; and among all the nations of the earth, and of all times, a like disgrace will be His if by any perils of sea or of land He should suffer His blood-purchased Church to perish. And all our doubts and fears, therefore, are without any reason or excuse, — until we lose all faith in the purpose, the truth, and the power of God, — all faith in the covenant with His well-beloved Son. And if thus with His Church, how can it be otherwise with any of His people? Is there any danger that one of them shall perish whom He designs to save? Is there any desert where one of them shall die of drought? any sea in which one of them shall be drowned? Then is He false to His word, or fickle in His purpose, or too feeble to achieve what He has undertaken.

Away with all such foolish, sinful fears! Follow that hurrying multitude as they press through the sea, and you are following the track of every ransomed soul that ever the Lord led out of

its house of bondage. It matters not along what way it is travelling; what dangers beset it behind and before; what walls of water or of fire are beside it, — its face is toward the promised land, and a pillar of cloud or of light will guide it to the end. Who has not learned what Israel learned by that passage through the sea? Who that has had any experience of life has not found, — not the deliverance from trouble for which he prayed, but a safe and easy passage through it, which is far better? Thus the prayer was more than answered. Peace in the midst of tribulation is better than peace in freedom from tribulation. Safety in the midst of dangers is better than to be safe away from all danger. Thus many a time the Lord has led us through the sea. Do you remember the time when it seemed as though you must surely die amid the dangers and distresses into which you were brought? and yet you lived, and lived it may be a happier and holier life than if the Lord had granted you the freedom which you sought. How often the very waters which you feared to approach have fled before you, and what seemed impassable you have safely gone through; and what seemed impossible you have easily accomplished; and what seemed intolerable you have easily borne! How many a burden you have carried which you thought would have crushed you to the earth! How many disappointments you have met which you had thought would have killed you with despair! How many cares and anxieties you have sustained, the thought of which would have filled you with dismay! How many treasures you have lost, without which you thought you could not (and wished not to) live one hour! And what was all this but God's leading through the sea; and more than this, leading you in triumph, and rejoicing as you saw that none of these things which you feared so much had any power to kill or to hurt? That is the crowning marvel of the way, — that all these dangers and distresses stand aside, as the waters of the sea stood while Israel passed over; and that even through the midst of them we move on unharmed, — aye, that even the heartiest songs of our praise

and rejoicing are sung as we journey through the midst of the heaviest adversities and alarms.

But the perilous passage is ended at last; and dry-shod up from the depths of the sea comes that rescued people and stands in safety on the farther shore. No more of fear and alarm; no lingering dread of sea or mountain; no pursuing host of foes pressing on. The divided waters have rolled together again, and the dangerous sea slumbers peacefully in its summer calm. And more than this: beneath that reunited flood is buried the army of Egypt. "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone; they sank like lead in the mighty waters." I gather, therefore, —

Fourthly, from this narrative, a lesson in regard to God's treatment of His people, — that he often leads them *out of the sea*. Often, did I say? aye, always; for out of every trouble and distress, and out of every danger, the Lord will save. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth. It was the angel of His presence that rescued, guided, guarded, the chosen people; and that angel guardianship and guidance will carry them safely and surely to the promised rest. By a journey of forty or of fourscore years, or by a few days more of travel, it matters not, — the goodly land shall be won. Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Has He not verified the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee?" Then what if the desert still lies beyond? Is not His past mercy a pledge of future safety? He hath delivered; He doth deliver; and we trust that He will yet deliver. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is there any mountain over which He cannot lead us; any sea through which He cannot find a way; any desert where He cannot furnish us with food

and drink? Aye, even though we see the lightnings and hear the thunderings of Sinai; though His righteous and holy law should detain us by the way, — not even that shall stay us in our course. Along the base of that threatening mountain, through the desert of Sin, through all the perils and conflicts of our wandering, we shall come at last to the land of peace and plenty. Look back and see how out of every sea Jehovah hath brought us; look forward, then, and be assured that whatever may be before you, the same right hand, so glorious in power, will bring deliverance. And then when your feet shall stand on the bank of that river which flows between the desert and the promised land, oh, doubt not the goodness and the might of Him who has led you thither through the sea and through all the wilderness and solitary places of the world!

Again the waters shall be parted as your feet draw nigh, and, Jordan past, you stand secure on Canaan's heavenly shore. Toward the sea, into the sea, through the sea, out of the sea, — and then the land where is no more sea!

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 29, 1879.

TILL HE COME.

Ὁσάκις γὰρ ἂν ἐσθίητε τὸν ἄρτον τοῦτον, καὶ τὸ ποτήριον τοῦτο πίνητε, τὸν θάνατον τοῦ Κυρίου καταγγέλλετε, ἄχρις οὗ ἔλθῃ. — 1 Cor. xi. 26.

The great office of the Church is to bear witness to the truth, — the truth of God's being, character, and will; and especially the truth in relation to Christ, — His nature, history, and office, — the truth as it is in Jesus. Into that service everything is to be impressed, and to it everything else is to be made subservient. She is not responsible for anything further. Let the issues be what they may, she has acquitted herself in the sight of her God if she has faithfully borne her testimony to the truth. It may be an offence to the Jew and foolishness to the Greek; it may encounter indifference or unbelief or positive hostility; men may hear or may forbear, be saved or perish with it, — it matters not. A witness has nothing to do with the consequences of the truth which he has sworn to tell; judge and jury must settle these. It would relieve our minds of some difficulties and disappointments if we should remember this. It would give us higher ideas of the dignity of the Church and all her ordinances, — regarding them thus in their relations to her Lord, as accomplishing for Him the work He has assigned them, irrespective of all human conduct or experience as affected by them.

And so, if we would understand the meaning of this sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and give it its true place in the ministry of the Church, we must look upon it in this light, — must listen to it as it bears witness to what it has seen and heard and handled of the Word of life. And that witness it bears not to any theories or speculations or creeds, but to one single fact, — the death of Jesus Christ, and to other things growing out of this or connected with it. But the essential meaning and power of the sacrament is this, that it testifies to the death of the

Lord Jesus; observe, not to the faith of the church in it, or to our individual faith in it, but to the fact itself, as a fact. How else can we possibly account for its observance through these past centuries? What other origin can you ascribe to it? What else could have suggested it, or what motive could any man have had in its appointment; and how else could it have taken and maintained its place in the worship of the Church? There is no answer to these questions but the one. And often, therefore, as we eat this bread and drink this cup, we do show the Lord's death. I say again, — not show our belief of it, but the truth of it, our participation of it as the testimony to our faith in it; the sacrament itself is the testimony to the fact in which we believe. Whoever looks upon these symbols of the Saviour's passion has virtually seen Christ crucified. They who witnessed His actual death on Calvary have hardly any advantage over us in their assurance of the event. There is a disposition nowadays to discredit some of the most important personages and events of ancient history; even to throw a doubt over their existence and to deny that there is any truth in some of the stories which we have always believed concerning them. Thus the heroes whom we have read of all our days are banished from the domain of history to the region of romance, and we shall hardly know after a while what is fact and what is fable. But as often as this table is spread there is the publication, the reproduction, of an occurrence which cannot be discredited; because if it had never happened, it never could have been commemorated in this manner. That there was a man called Jesus the Christ who did thus die long centuries ago, is just as certain to us as though we had seen Him; and through all the centuries yet to come that fact remains unimpeachable in the repeated witness of this simple ordinance. Build upon it whatever theories men may please; interpret it in whatever way, believe or disbelieve all else recorded of Him, still He did die a bloody death. And we to-day, in these ends of the earth then unknown, and after the lapse of all these ages, are pro-

claiming this fact as positively and as clearly as they who went from Calvary and the cross to tell what they had witnessed there. While, therefore, we thus renew the profession of our faith in Him, let us also rejoice in every such opportunity to repeat the testimony to this great fact of history.

That is one aspect of this sacrament as it looks back to the past of long ago; but there is another aspect of it, less prominent in our regard, though not less important in its significance and results. It is a prophecy no less than a history; it looks forward as well as backward; and it foretells as plainly another event as it records one already accomplished. Nay, more: it is the future which gives to the past all its worth and power, — which makes it worthy of remembrance or commemoration. More even than this: the death which thus we proclaim was the death of all our hopes, and we are publishing to the world the bitterest disappointment we could ever know, — publishing ever a fraud and imposture which it would be far better that we should permit to pass into oblivion, if it is a dead Saviour in whom we put our trust. Does our interest in Him, our relationship to Him, cease at the cross on which He died, or at the sepulchre in which they laid Him? Then, indeed, it had been better for us that we should forget Him; for He has mocked us with false promises, and our best and fondest expectations were buried in His grave. Not all else that He had said or done could give us any comfort; not all His wise and loving words; not all His miracles of power and grace; not even that wondrous death itself. The sorrow which overwhelmed His friends and followers when He died would be our sorrow still; and as that sorrow must soon have turned with them into indignation at the deception practised upon them, so it would be with indignation too that we should recall His life and His death, and the blessings and thanksgivings we pay would be converted into heaviest accusations and curses.

Let us be joyful, therefore, in a redemption not ended in His death, — which had only been to us the end of all our hope, — but

finished in His resurrection and ascension, and to be practically finished to us in the further prosecution of His work in our behalf. It is a blessed truth to us, then, that while we celebrate His death, it is in the knowledge also that that death was only one of the necessary stages of His progress towards the consummation of that purpose which brought Him from heaven to earth. Let our rejoicing be complete, then, as we look forward to this consummation, remembering that though we here show the Lord's death, it is only *till He come.* This is not, therefore, a perpetual observance, but a temporary. It ends with the present dispensation; ends when the promise and the prophecy of this death are fulfilled in the second coming of the Lord. Not that then, or through the endless ages of futurity, that death will be forgotten, or be less dear to the hearts of His people: it will be the theme of adoration through eternity; and the songs of praise which shall never cease amid the glory of that eternity, are the songs which celebrate this death. To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood; to Him who died and rose again; to the Lamb who was slain, — these are the songs which shall ring throughout the celestial city for ever and ever. But there will be no need of any such commemoration as we make here to-day. Our faith and love will no longer need the quickening of this remembrance, nor shall the world require any more the repetition of this testimony, when He who was alive and was dead shall show Himself as alive again, and having the keys of death and the grave; that will be enough for us and for all, — enough for Him too.

It is not enough then, for us or for Him, that we be reminded only of His death in these memorials of it. Our service is incomplete, and our satisfaction in it, if it does not point our hearts and our hopes forward to this glorious hour when He shall come again.

Accept it first, then, as a truth asserted not merely in the testimonies of Sacred Scripture, but in the very necessities of that redeeming work He undertook for us. That reward He was to

win for us and for Himself by His obedience unto death, He has not yet received, though he is exalted to the throne of universal empire; we have not received, even though our sins be taken away and our salvation made secure, — shall not receive, even when our souls shall be welcomed to His glory. There is a higher glory for both, and it awaits the manifestation of Himself when He shall appear the second time without sin unto our final and complete salvation. No wonder, therefore, that the Scripture is so full of it! it is the culminating point of all its promise and prediction. The only wonder is that it does not occupy a more prominent place in our faith and expectation, — an omission, however, which is happily becoming less in our day, as the thought and interest of the Church at large is more directed to this glorious truth. After long comparative obscuration it is coming out again into the light, and to the front, as one of the great forces of the divine revelation, and in the practical development of all church life and the prosecution of all church work. It was the animating, inspiriting thought in the church of the apostles and the early ages; it is well that after so long a time it is resuming its place in the faith and interest of all the Lord's people. And then the question cannot but suggest itself — *When will He come?* And few questions, as you know, have provoked so much discussion as this. Need I say that it has never yet been answered? or say further, that it probably never will be answered till it shall answer itself in the revelation of the Lord Jesus Himself? Evidently it was in the hope, if not in the faith, of the apostolic church, that the time was near at hand; though they did not pretend to any positiveness in their expectation,— certainly did not assign any definite period for its fulfilment. But it was their comfort and their impulse and their strength and patience in all their toils and tribulations. It fills a large space in all the inspired Epistles; and almost the closing words of the sacred volume are an assertion of it as the great stimulus to Christian fidelity, and the great encouragement amid all adversities. "Behold, I come quickly,

and My reward is with Me." To that promise of her Lord the Church has answered for eighteen centuries, "Even so, Lord Jesus; come quickly." It has not been revealed to her when that promise shall be fulfilled. It is not for us to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power. Of that day and hour knoweth no man nor angel. Wisely and mercifully has God withheld this knowledge from us. As in regard to the day of our death, He leaves us in ignorance, — that we may be always on the watch and always in a state of preparation for it, — so with reference to the great day of His coming: it may be delayed for centuries yet; it may not wait for the rising of to-morrow's sun; it will not wait one moment beyond the appointed time. So we stand always in an attitude of expectation. The outcome of all the controversies in regard to it has brought the Church to this position; and vain, extravagant, and foolish as much of the discussion of it has been, it has not been wasted if through it we have reached this wise conclusion,— looking for that blessed hope and the appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing." But let not hope deferred make our hearts sick with disappointment, nor disturb our faith in the word on which that hope is resting. It is our great mistake that we make our short lives and the limited periods of human history the measure of the divine operation. But what are all our times to that immeasurable eternity through which the providence of God is working out His infinite purpose? A thousand years are in His sight but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night; a thousand years are with the Lord but as one day, and one day is as a thousand years. He knows nothing of our divisions of time. To Him there is no boundary assigned save that of His own will; and, unaffected by all the movements of human thought and history, His eternal thought moves on His undisturbed affairs. We cannot hasten Him, we cannot hinder Him; but surer than the rising of the sun His hour comes, — and then,

swifter than the morning light, He comes. And whether that glorious appearing shall burst upon our startled vision before another day shall dawn, or in some midnight of a thousand ages hence, our interest and our duty, our faith and hope and all our immortal destinies, hold us to this one position, — waiting, looking, longing, and ready always to enter with Him, when He comes, into His joy; and far more important for us, therefore, than any question as to times and seasons, is that which relates to the manner and the purpose of His coming.

How, then, shall He come? And to that question also, though we may give a more definite reply, we can give none which shall approximate the full expression of the truth. Even the language of inspired description is beyond our comprehension, — feeble as all human words must be to depict a glory which human eye hath not seen, nor human ear heard, nor hath entered into human heart. Give the widest range to thought, the freest wing to imagination, even, and still we cannot reach it, — can hardly come to some dim and distant vision of its splendors. In the clouds of heaven and with great glory, with thousands upon thousands of saints and angels around Him; with the overpowering majesty of a God embodied in the form of His glorified humanity; in the radiance of a light which shall turn the sun into darkness; marshalled by all the hosts of heaven, and amid the music of celestial choirs, — ah, who can understand even these poor attempts to express that inexpressible glory! We may gain perhaps some slight conception of it as we go back to the days of His former advent, and think of it in contrast with the humbled, lowly, suffering state in which we then beheld Him. As we remember Him thus, recalling his lowly birth and His life of shame and persecution, how He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, the malice and hatred He encountered, His toil and weariness, the tears He shed and the deeper woes which no tears could relieve; as we follow Him to Gethsemane, to the hall of judgment and the hill of Calvary;

even as we here show forth His death, — a death amid the horrors of great darkness, when even the Father's love and pity seemed to have failed Him, and he cried in the extremity of His anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" — remember all this, and then uplift Him to a height of honor, majesty, and glory at the utmost possible remove from this, it may be that by such contrast we may gain some glimpse of the ineffable splendors of His second advent. For by all that *via dolorosa* which He travelled during the days of His humiliation He was journeying towards a crown and kingdom which should be the ample compensation for all the trials and distresses of His earthly pilgrimage. Low as was the place of His humiliation, so high the place of His exaltation; dark as was the day of His toil and suffering, so resplendent the time of His rest and rejoicing; painful and bitter His seeming defeat, so gladdening and complete his victory; unspeakably appalling the cross on which He died, so bright the lustre of the throne He won, and before which all the principalities and powers of earth and heaven bow down to pay their homage.

One other question yet remains, — the vital question as to all the pomp and splendors of that great day, — For what shall He come? And that, too, is a larger question than we can answer; for this is the day for which all other days were made, — the crisis of all human history and destiny. It is the day toward which all preceding centuries have travelled, and for which all have been preparing. What all the tremendous issues of this day shall be who can tell? But this much we may tell, as we do know that then He shall come to be glorified in His saints and admired in all them that believe. Whatever may be its relations to the world, and to the final judgment of mankind, and to the two eternal, changeless states which lie beyond the judgment seat, it is the time of blessedness and glory for His people all, and for which all have waited, and are waiting still. No matter whether they be slumbering in the grave or toiling still amid the conflicts and trials of the earthly life, the flash of

that celestial light shall pierce the darkness of the sepulchre, and the trump which announces His approach shall waken the dead from their sleep, and this mortal shall put on immortality (whether of the living or the dead), and all alike be raised to meet Him and mingle with that ever-swelling multitude which no man can number, of every age and people, of every time and place, of every tribe and tongue, from days before the flood and from all the periods after it, from east and west and north and south, from every clime and continent and every island of the sea, from city and desert, from graves where the good have lain for ages and from sepulchres which no man knoweth and from beneath the waters, — patriarchs, prophets, priests, martyrs, and holy men of all times, a mighty gathering. And in the midst of them all the King in His glory; and next to Him in our joy and welcome our own beloved dead, whose faces we have not seen for so long, — the darlings whom we laid in the tomb with tears of bitterest grief, but still in hope of a blessed reunion! and no more to be parted, no more tears, nor groans, nor separations, — forever with the Lord, and forever with His glorified saints, and forever with our own recovered lost and loved ones! Only till He come shall we watch and wait; only till He come shall we hope and pray; only till He come shall we toil and suffer; only till He come this holy communion of His body and blood, — and then, when He cometh, communion with Him and His loved ones forever and forever more!

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 5, 1879.

THE END.

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